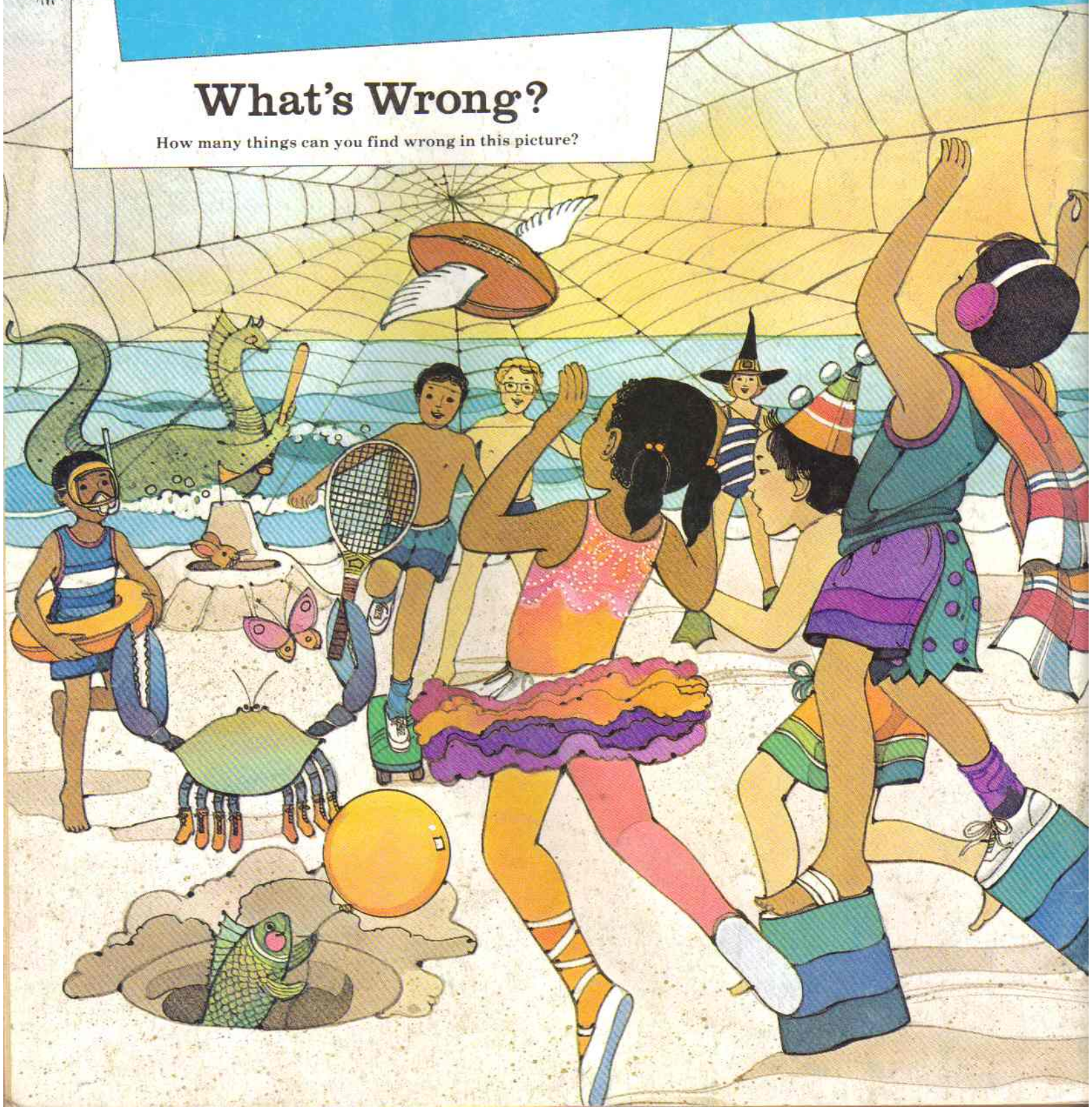




How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

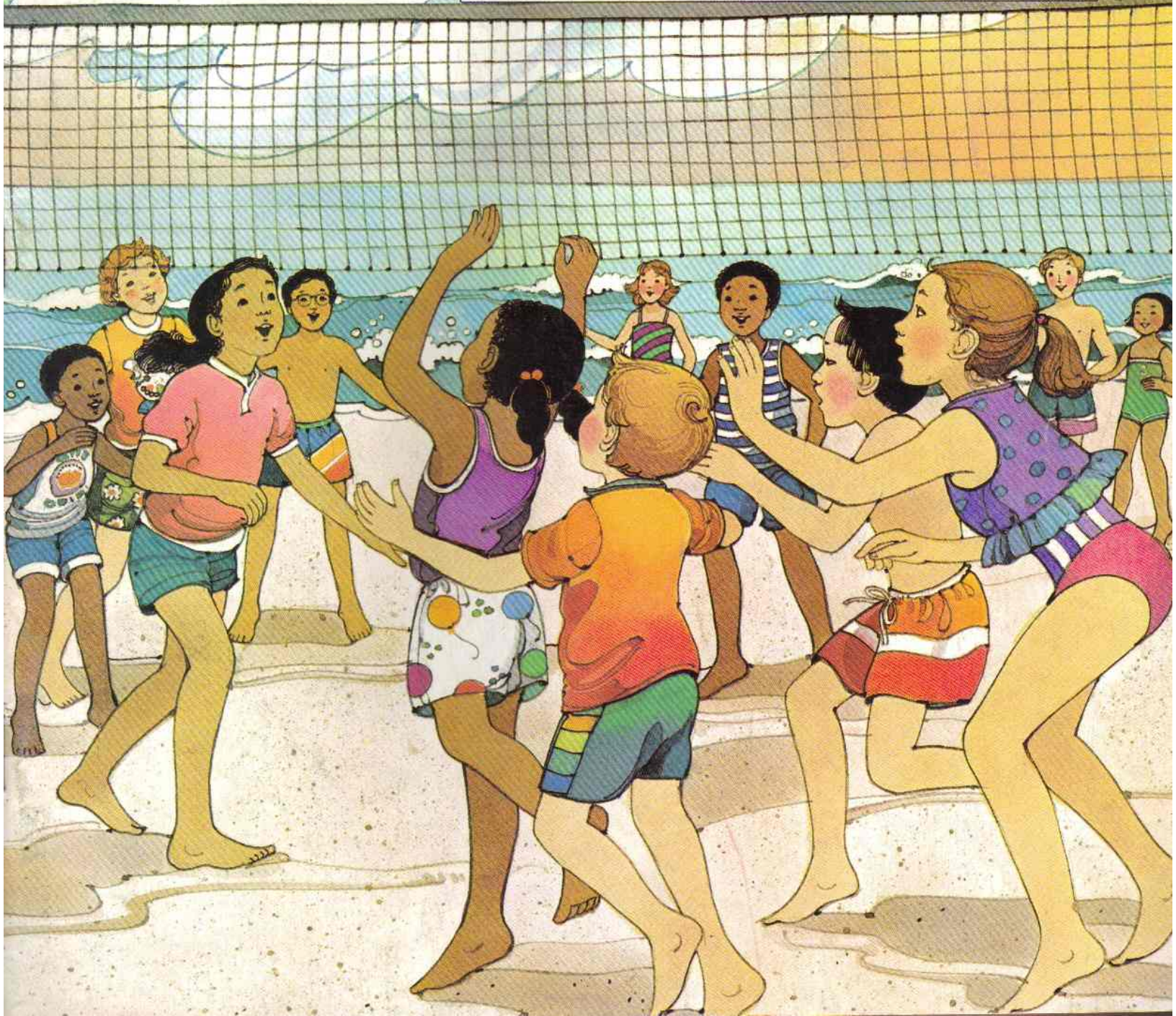


Highlights[®]

JULY-AUGUST 1990 for Children



Fun with a Purpose



Highlights[®] for Children[®]

Including CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES[®]

JULY-AUGUST 1990 • VOLUME 45 • NUMBER 7 • ISSUE NO. 469
Founded in 1946 by Garry C. Myers, Ph.D., and Caroline Clark Myers

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow—in basic skills and knowledge—in creativeness—in ability to think and reason—in sensitivity to others—in high ideals—and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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From the Editor

The world of literature helps people lead fulfilling lives. Those of us who have had our lives enriched by reading are especially eager to show youngsters the value of reading.

This July-August issue presents material that reminds us of all the reasons people enjoy reading. There are articles full of straightforward information on such subjects as the merry-go-round, the glow of fireflies, even on how to improve one's soccer game. As well, readers will find entertainment in an adventure of a Montana schoolboy, an imaginative tale of a computer gone awry, a nostalgic account of a family holiday, and the amusing nonsense of a retold English tale.

By giving youngsters material they care about and enjoy, all of us here who have been enriched by reading reinforce the message that reading helps achieve personal fulfillment.

Kent L. Brown Jr.
Editor

Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?

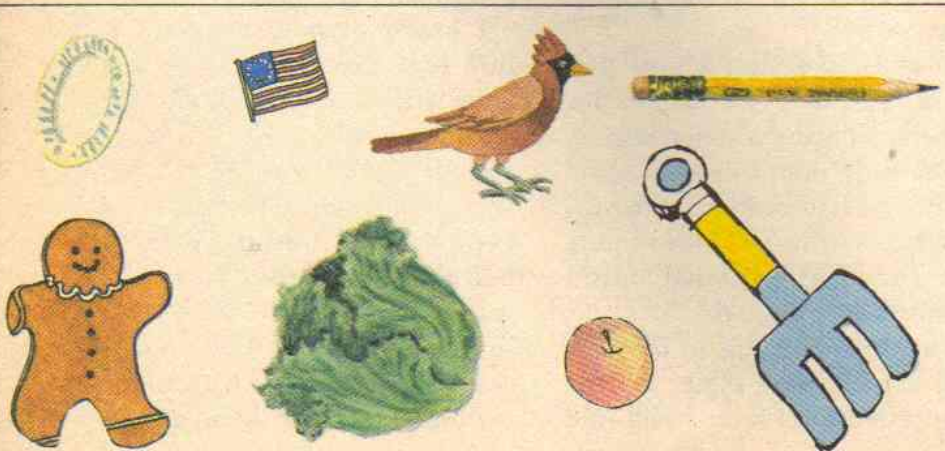



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Thinking and Creating
Moral Values
The Arts
Science & Nature
The Nation and the World
More Advanced Reading
Easy Reading
Preparation for Reading



A colorful illustration of Miss Pendergast, an elderly woman with white curly hair and glasses, wearing a light green high-collared dress with puffed sleeves and a dark skirt. She stands behind a wooden desk, holding a red book. In the foreground, three children are seated at their desks, viewed from behind. A girl with blonde pigtails in a purple and white striped dress is on the left. A boy in a blue sweater is in the middle. A boy with blonde hair in an orange shirt is on the right, holding an open book. The classroom has wooden walls, a window with a flower hanging outside, and a yellow bell on the desk.

Miss Pendergast and the Wolves

By G.M. Glass

Our first schoolteacher was supposed to come from a neighboring town. But when word came that he had been kicked by a mule, somebody sent all the way to Boston for Miss Pendergast.

In late summer she moved into the small log cabin a few miles from our Montana town. The new schoolhouse was just a holler away from her cabin.

Her crated-up furniture was unloaded from the weekly train and piled onto the blacksmith's wagon: a green velvet sofa, small spindly-legged tables with animal paws carved on the bottoms, chairs covered with green and gold satin, tall chests, and boxes and boxes of books.

Folks decided right off that Miss Pendergast was a lady of quality. But what she was doing teaching the children of Montana homesteaders stayed her private business.

I was twelve, and school was the last place I wanted to be. Thoughts of being a sailor, soldier, or mountain man filled my head. My mother had been teaching me since I was little, so I wasn't pure ignorant. Just satisfied that I already knew enough.

That first morning in the one-room schoolhouse I met a little gray-haired lady who stood and

walked ramrod straight, as though she had a yardstick nailed to her back. By noon I was feeling mighty sorry for her.

The Johnson boys wouldn't mind a word she said. At lunch-time they pinched whatever they wanted from our lunch pails. Since they were a head or more taller than the rest of us, everybody suffered in silence.

That same afternoon Miss Pendergast announced that there would be no school till further notice. We learned later that she had sent a note to Mr. Johnson.

The next day my mother sent me to the teacher's house with an apple pie. I was in the built-on shed, filling the woodbox, when Mr. Johnson rode up on his chestnut mare.

Call it eavesdropping if you like, but I froze, listening. Mr. Johnson was known to be a considerable hard man.

I heard Miss Pendergast tell him how unruly his boys were. And if this continued, she said, she'd resign. And when the school board wanted to know why, she would tell them it was because Mr. Johnson couldn't get his sons to behave. Now, if he wanted everyone in the territory to know that his boys had no respect for their own father, he certainly had her sympathy.

I grinned when I heard that bear of a man promising a big change. And would she *please*, he said, not even think about leaving.

School got better after that.

Winter came hard that year, bringing dark, storm-filled days and nights. Cutting, blinding snows piled up in thirty-foot drifts. Roads disappeared. Houses were buried. Cattle and horses froze standing up. For three days folks huddled in their homes. Then came the freeze: six more days of a cold so harsh that water froze in kitchen jugs.

Finally, the freeze was over. The men dug the snow away from blocked doors and hurried to help their neighbors. I begged my father to let me go check on Miss Pendergast. We strapped on our snowshoes and set out.

Four hours later, stiff with the cold, we saw a white wall with only the top of a chimney showing. All around were wolf tracks. They went clear up to the roof.

I was the first to see a sign of life. "Pa, smoke just came out of the chimney!" I called.

I helped clear away the snow, all the time thinking, Please don't let her be frozen in her bed. Then the door slowly opened.

"Gentlemen, how good to see you," said Miss Pendergast. She was terrible pale. We stepped inside and saw a bare cabin.

Miss Pendergast shrugged, and smiled weakly. "I burned almost everything," she said, "once the woodbox was empty."

While standing there, I felt an icy-cold draft touch my head. I glanced up and spied a patch of blue sky through a four-inch hole in the roof. The wolves had

"Burn my books? I should say not!"

gnawed right through. The beams by the hole were scorched black where Miss Pendergast must have been waving a torch. She probably burned those fancy table legs. I wondered how long it had been since she slept, what with those wolves worrying around, trying to get in.

"They weren't coming after you, ma'am. Wolves don't attack people. I expect they were after that," said my father, pointing to a frozen slab of bacon hanging inside by the woodshed.

"Your books, Miss Pendergast. You could've burned them next," I offered cheerfully.

"Burn my books? I should say not!" she said, looking right at me. "They're my magic carpet to all the wonderful places of the world, to seas I've never sailed and people I've never known."

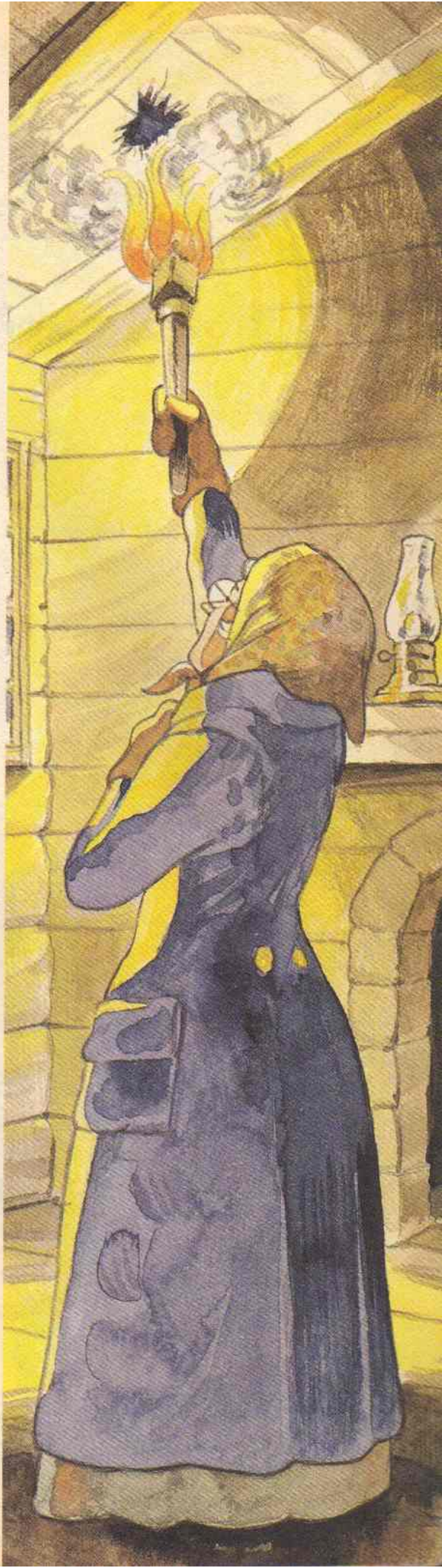
"The floorboards were next," she added, nodding at a hatchet standing against one wall.

There were more storms that winter, but none were as bad. Every day I walked the teacher home. It was me who taught Miss Pendergast how to load, fire, and clean her new rifle, so she could defend herself.

Before long I found myself stretched out on the floor, reading her books, one after the other.

Then one day she told me, "Matthew, you remind me so much of young Mr. Lincoln, reading there by the light of the fire."

Me and Abe Lincoln? Imagine that. Me and Abe Lincoln.



Hush, Little Baby

Traditional

Hush, little baby, don't say a word,
Mama's going to buy you a mockingbird.

And if that mockingbird don't sing,
Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring turns to brass,
Mama's going to buy you a looking glass.

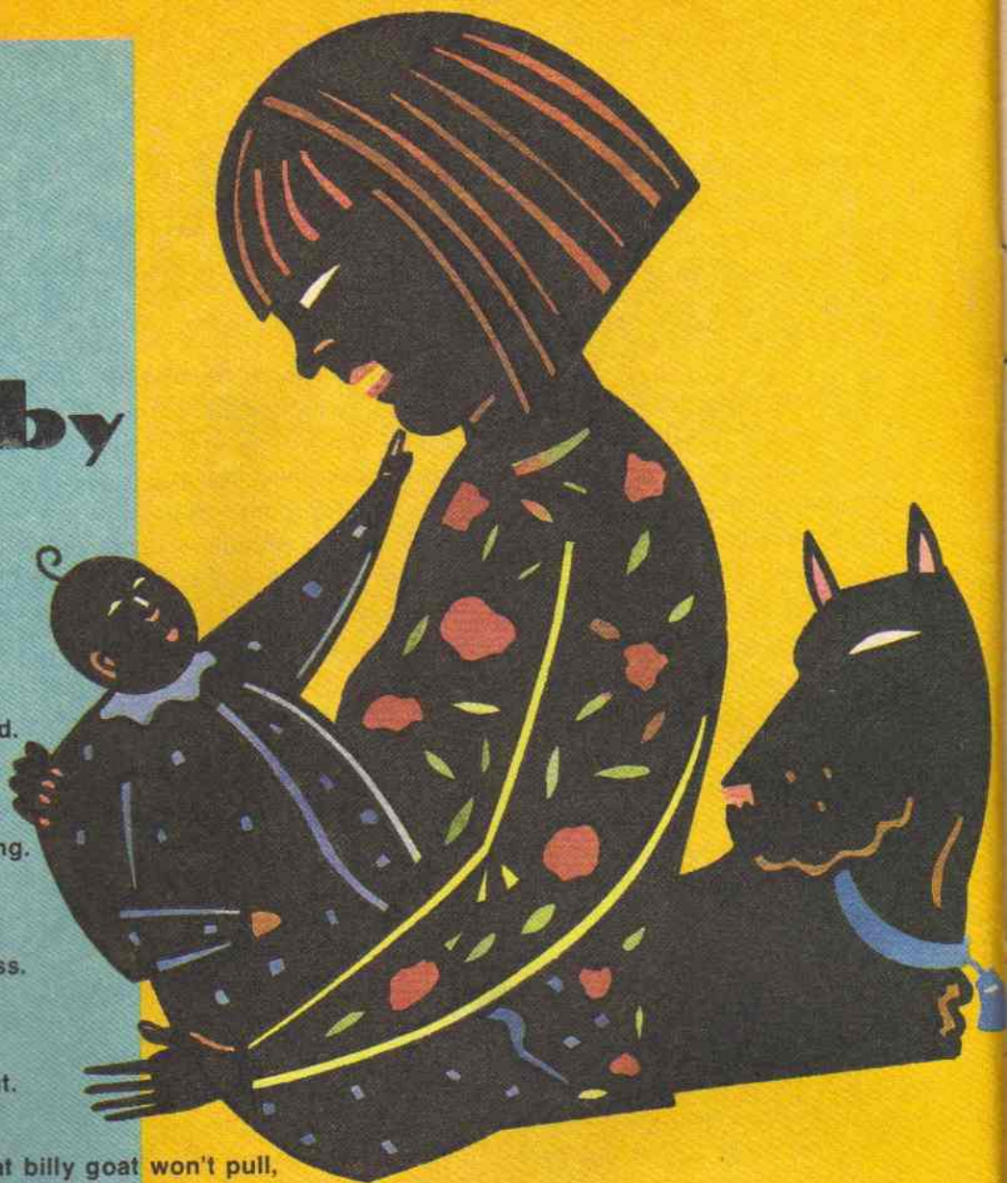
And if that looking glass gets broke,
Mama's going to buy you a billy goat.

And if that billy goat won't pull,
Mama's going to buy you a cart and bull.

And if that cart and bull turn over,
Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover.

And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.



AMERICANBABA

Picky

I do not like many foods. I am picky. When my mother cooks something I don't like, I get up from the table and cry.

Kathleen B., New York

Many people would like to eat the same favorite foods every day. However, our bodies need different kinds of food to keep us healthy.

Without getting angry or crying, have a talk with your mom or dad. Perhaps you can work out a plan in which you promise to taste a little of each new food when it is served. You may be surprised to discover that you like what you're tasting!

You might also ask your mom or dad if you could help with dinner. Sometimes when you help prepare foods, they seem more special and delicious.

Being Fat

Every day when I go to school, everybody thinks I am fat. Can you please give me some advice? I'll read it a million times.

Michael A., Alberta

If you really have a weight problem, eat plenty of good, healthful foods from all four food groups. Avoid eating chips, sodas, candy, and other sweets—

To the Editor

anything that is very greasy or sweet. Get real exercise—such as sports, running, or walking—every day, or at least five times each week.

Ask your family to help you. It will be easier if your home does not contain any of the foods you shouldn't eat.

Your doctor can tell you what your weight should be and give you a list of foods that are good for you. He can also advise you about exercise.

Brothers

When I sit down and do my homework, my brothers come into the dining room. They start hitting me.

Jeffrey W., California

Try to ignore them. Don't let on that they are bothering you. You might even move to a more private study space. When they see that they are not upsetting you by misbehaving, they may leave you alone.

If the problem continues, ask your mom or dad about having a family meeting to talk things over. Maybe you can all agree on some new rules to prevent family members from hitting or bothering each other.

Thunder and Lightning

I am scared of thunder and lightning. My parents say that I shouldn't be frightened.

Katie B., Georgia

Many of our readers feel the way you do about storms. You will probably get over some of this fear as you grow older. For now, try to make sure you are with an adult whenever there's a storm. Talk about your feelings while the storm is going on, and discuss how you can stay safe in bad weather.

Visit a library near you to find information about storms in encyclopedias and other books. You may feel less afraid when you understand exactly what causes thunder and lightning.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code).

Mail to:

The Editor

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN

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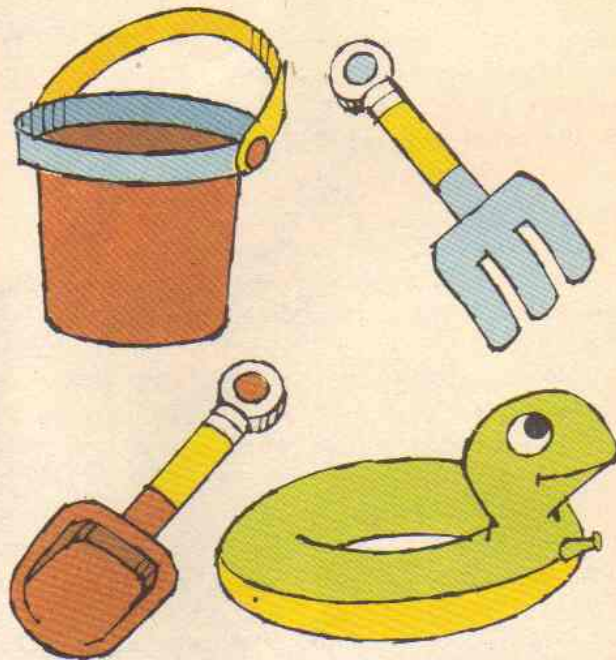
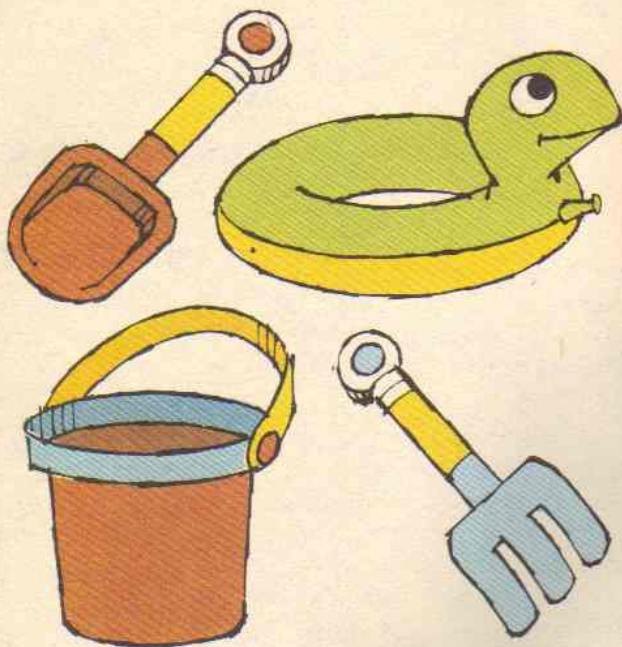
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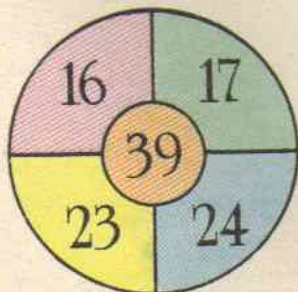
Matching

Look at each toy on the left. Find one like it on the right.



Arithmetwists

- In a game of kickball, Sabrina doubled, singled twice, struck out, and walked. How many times did she get on base?
- Mari needed nine dollars to buy a special gift for her mother. Each week she saved from her allowance a quarter, a dime, and a penny, until she had the exact amount. How many weeks did it take her?
- When Pele took his turn at darts, he threw six times for a total of 100 points. What score did he get with each dart he threw?

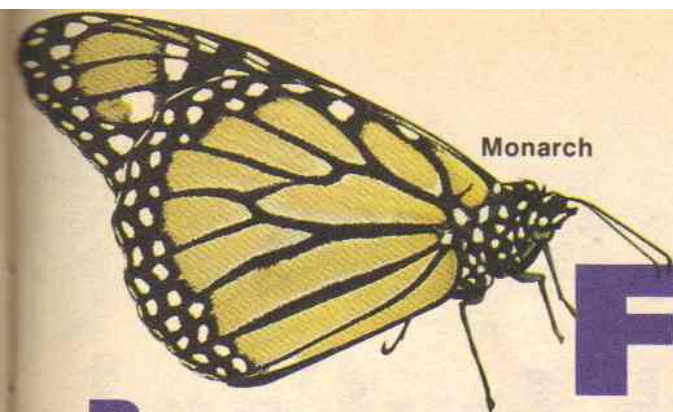


Answers on page 50.

"The Question, Please"

For a change, instead of thinking of answers for questions, think of good questions for the following answers. For example, the first answer is "thirteen." The question might be, "How old is your brother?" Or you might ask, "What do some people consider an unlucky number?"

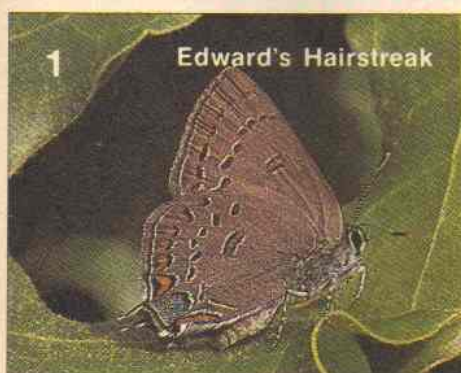
thirteen
It hasn't stopped for days.
Chicago
three miles
by bus
on the phone
November
I saw it just in time.
in a jungle
I didn't have a pencil.
chocolate
not until the weekend



FUSSY FEEDERS

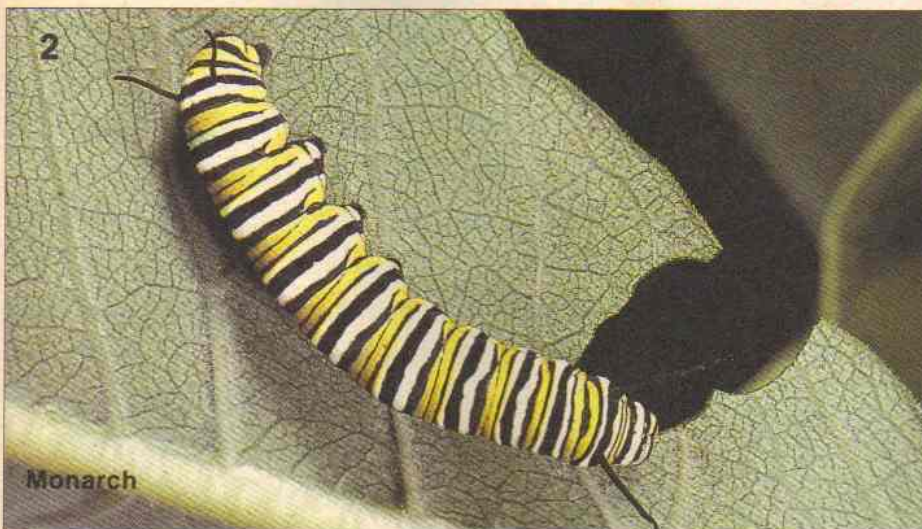
By Ann Swengel

Do you know people who are fussy eaters? Some butterflies are even worse. Their caterpillars eat only certain plants. The adult butterflies are often choosy, too.



● If you know what plants a butterfly ate when it was a caterpillar, it will be much easier to find the adult butterfly.

The Edward's hairstreak butterfly blends easily into the background, but watch for it on short bushy oaks, which are the food plant for its caterpillars.



● As adults, monarch butterflies feed on the nectar of many flowers. But when monarchs are young, they munch only on milkweeds. At that stage the monarchs are called caterpillars, and look more like brightly striped worms than insects.

The caterpillars insist on milkweeds for dinner because of a special chemical in these plants. It tastes fine to the monarchs but makes the monarchs taste bad to birds. So, hungry birds aren't tempted to feed on them.

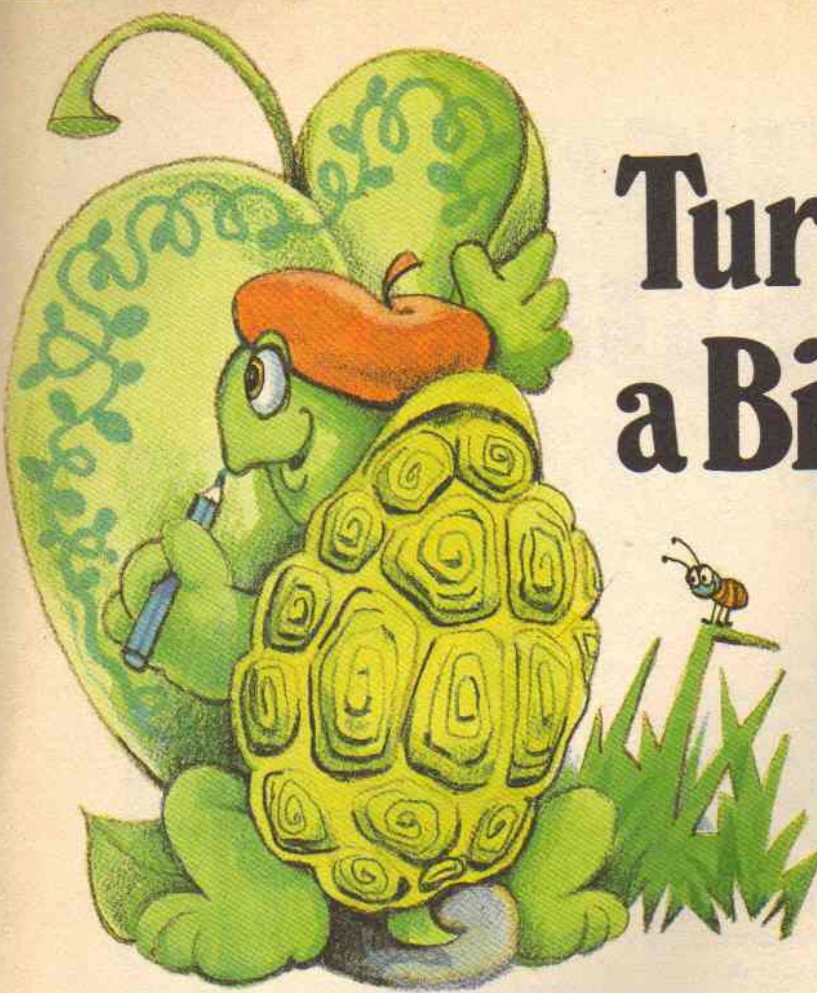


● The orange-bordered blue butterfly, which lives out West, isn't quite as fussy as the monarch. Its caterpillar is willing to eat a variety of plants—as long as they are in the pea family!



It is not a good idea for us people to be fussy eaters. That upsets the people around us. And you might go hungry a lot if the special foods you want aren't on the table. But being picky works well for butterflies. That is how many of them share their home in nature with all their hungry neighbors.

When each kind of butterfly eats a different plant, it doesn't waste its time fighting with another one over food. Then it can spend its time better eating and growing up.



Turtle Makes a Birthday Card

By Trinka Enell

It was Elephant's birthday. Turtle decided to make her a special card.

"I don't have any paper," he said to himself. "So I'll make it from a leaf." He nipped a big flat leaf from a bush and began working.

First he drew a vine around the edge of the leaf. Then he wrote a verse in the middle.

Hippo came tromping down the path just as he finished.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's a birthday card for Elephant," Turtle said. "Do you like it?"

Hippo snapped up the card, chewed it thoroughly, and swallowed. "Very tasty," she said. And she tromped off.

Turtle groaned. "Now I'll have to start all over again!" He plucked a second leaf and began drawing.

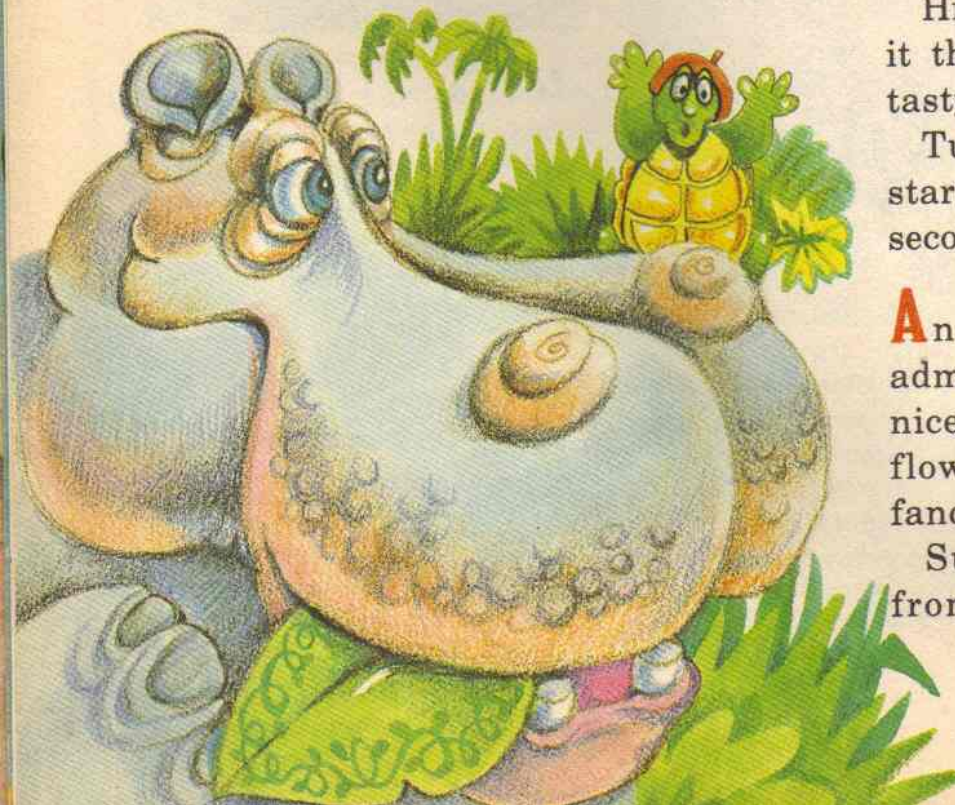
An hour later he stepped back to admire the new card. It was even nicer than the first, with fruits and flowers bordering the edge, and a fancier verse in the middle.

Suddenly Monkey swooped down from a tree and grabbed the leaf.

Hippo snapped up Turtle's card.

She chewed it and swallowed.

"Very tasty," said Hippo.





"Just what I need to wrap my bananas in!" he exclaimed. "Thanks, Turtle!" And away he leaped.

Turtle pulled his head into his shell. "What am I going to do?" he moaned.

Then he popped his head out again. "Elephant is my friend," he said. "I am going to give her a birthday card no matter what!"

He marched to the bush and snipped off a third leaf. Before he could start drawing, Parrot flew over. "Exactly what I need to cover my eggs while I'm gone!" she squawked. And she snatched the leaf and flapped away.

Turtle glared after her. "I've had it!" he yelled. "This time I'm going to make a card no one can take!" He stomped down the path to the river.

"There," he said, a short while later. "I'd like to see anyone take this card."

Laying down his stick, he went off to find Elephant. "I want to show you something down by the river," he told her.

"You do?" said Elephant. Curious, she followed him through the trees. "Oh my goodness!" she cried, when they reached the riverside. "What a wonderful surprise!"

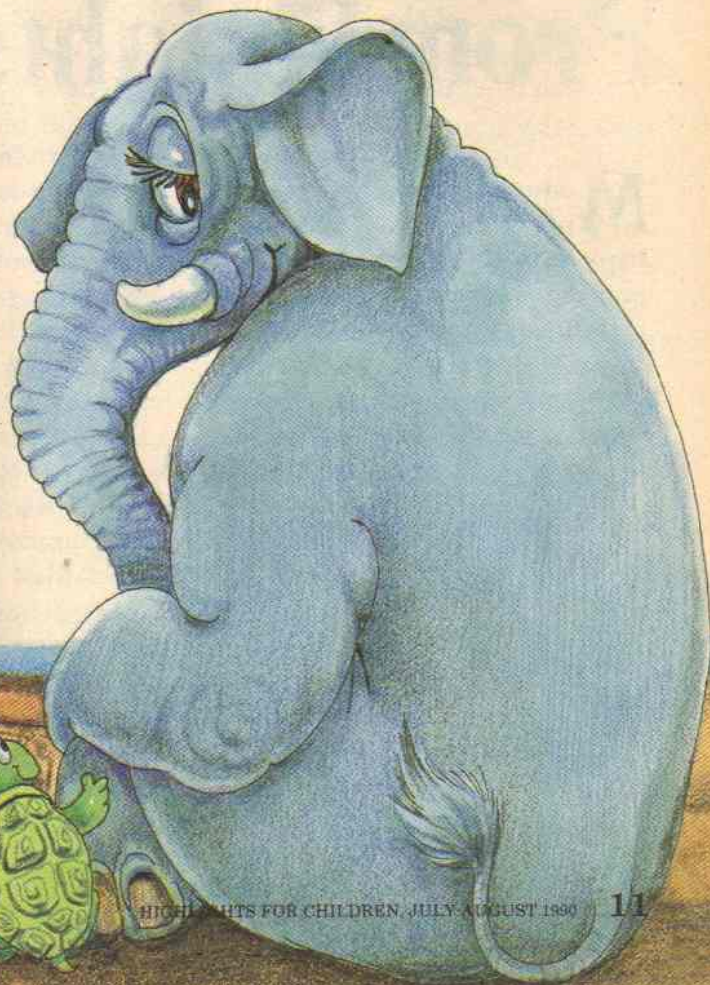
There in the smoothed-down mud, Turtle had drawn a huge card. It was decorated with fruits, flowers, and ferns, and in the middle was a heartwarming verse. Elephant cleared her throat and read aloud:

"Happy Birthday
To Elephant
My best, best friend
From trunk beginning
To tail end.

With love from Turtle."

"It's lovely!" Elephant cried. "The best, best card I've ever seen!"

Turtle blushed. "It's nothing," he mumbled. "Really . . ."





From Knights in Days of Old

By Ellen Javernick

Modern-day baseball players practice by hitting balls thrown to them by pitching machines. Basketball players use machines to get the balls back to them. Medieval athletes had their own mechanical practice devices. When young nobles and princes practiced spearing metal rings,

to prepare for their tournaments, they rode wooden horses on a rotating platform.

The practicing knights are long, long gone. But through the centuries the rotating horses have stayed with us. And we are now the ones who go merrily around on this merry-go-round, or carousel. "Carousel"—the word tells the story. It comes from the name those first riders called their tournaments.

More than a hundred years ago, carousels came to the United States. Wood-carvers created them during the long winter months, and in summer the carousels traveled to the fairs. Each horse was unique. As the century wore on, some were carved to look like Kentucky Derby winners,

their heads circled with wooden flowers. Some were carved to look like cowboy ponies. Others resembled the splendid steeds of the knights of old.

Early carousels were built as simple horse-powered machines. When portable steam engines were invented, carousels became more popular and practical. But



Merrily 'round the brave knights went, practicing for their tournament.

it wasn't until the 1880s that carousels really got going.

At that time electricity was new and exciting, even a little scary. So people hesitated to ride on the new, electrically powered trolley cars. To attract riders, the trolley companies routed their lines to beaches and parks, where marvelous carousels were constructed. Eager children persuaded parents to ride to them.

Families frequently spent the whole day there, returning home in the evening after a last electrically powered carousel ride. Tired children strained their ears to hear the organ music floating from the carousel they had left behind. They tried to catch a final glimpse of the hundred twinkling lights reflecting from the decorative mirrors.

Making carousels became big business. There was a sudden demand for the animal figures needed to decorate them. Many furniture makers turned into carousel carvers. Apprentice carvers rounded out the bodies. More practiced carvers had charge of the legs and saddles. Master craftsmen carved the heads. The inward sides of the animals were as carefully carved as the outward sides, but not as elaborately, since they did not



show. And when carousels had several rows of animals, those on the inside rows were not as elaborately carved as those on the outside. But the heads were always very fine.

For variety, some carvers also made lions, giraffes, and even elephants. Nor did they stop with animals to ride. They carved seats for parents with babies and others who preferred to sit. A carousel in Denver has a seat like a chariot, decorated with historical figures and the Statue of Liberty. The tops of carousels were decorated also with carvings of everything from rosy-cheeked cherubs to fierce dragons.

Brass poles ran from the plank floor of the carousel up to the canopy. On these the stately animals rode up and down. Around the outside of the carousel, rings were suspended, all of steel except for one of brass. Riders on the outer row could lean out and try to catch a ring as they went by. "Spearing" the brass ring earned a free ride.

Soon thousands of carousels twirled all over the United States. They were also called whirligigs, flying jennies, and carry-us-alls. Perhaps they would all still be there if the Depression had not put an end to an era in the 1930s.

They practiced long. They practiced well. They rode the world's first carousel!

During the Depression no one had money to spend on carousels. Most of the amusement parks were closed, the lights turned off, the organs silenced. The wooden horses sat empty, easy prey for the wind and rain.

A few were revived after World War II, but today those few are dwindling. In 1989, according to the National Carousel Association, fewer than 150 operating wooden carousels remained in this country, down from the 322 of 1979. One reason for their disappearance is their increasing value as collectors' items. In 1989 one horse sold for \$101,750, and a rooster for \$148,500.

Fortunately, groups like the National Carousel Association are working hard to save the remaining wooden carousels by having them designated as historical landmarks. They also raise funds to repair the carousels and restore them to their original finely crafted splendor.

Few carousels now have the brass ring game, because riders might fall off and hurt themselves. So there is scarcely a free ride to be won, let alone victory in a tournament. But the circling animals still bring a reward, as they always have. The prize today is a journey back in time.



Hidden Pictures

Wind Surfing



In this big picture find the goose, hat, frog, banana, ice-cream cone, hammer, bugle, baseball bat, pennant, fish, sailboat, kite, and beaver.

Which are creating? Which are destroying?

- drawing a picture
- knocking down a snowman
- crushing a bug or worm
- molding a dog out of clay
- planting a garden
- making up unkind things about a person
- breaking a streetlight with a rock
- tearing up a letter you have written
- making up a story as you tell it

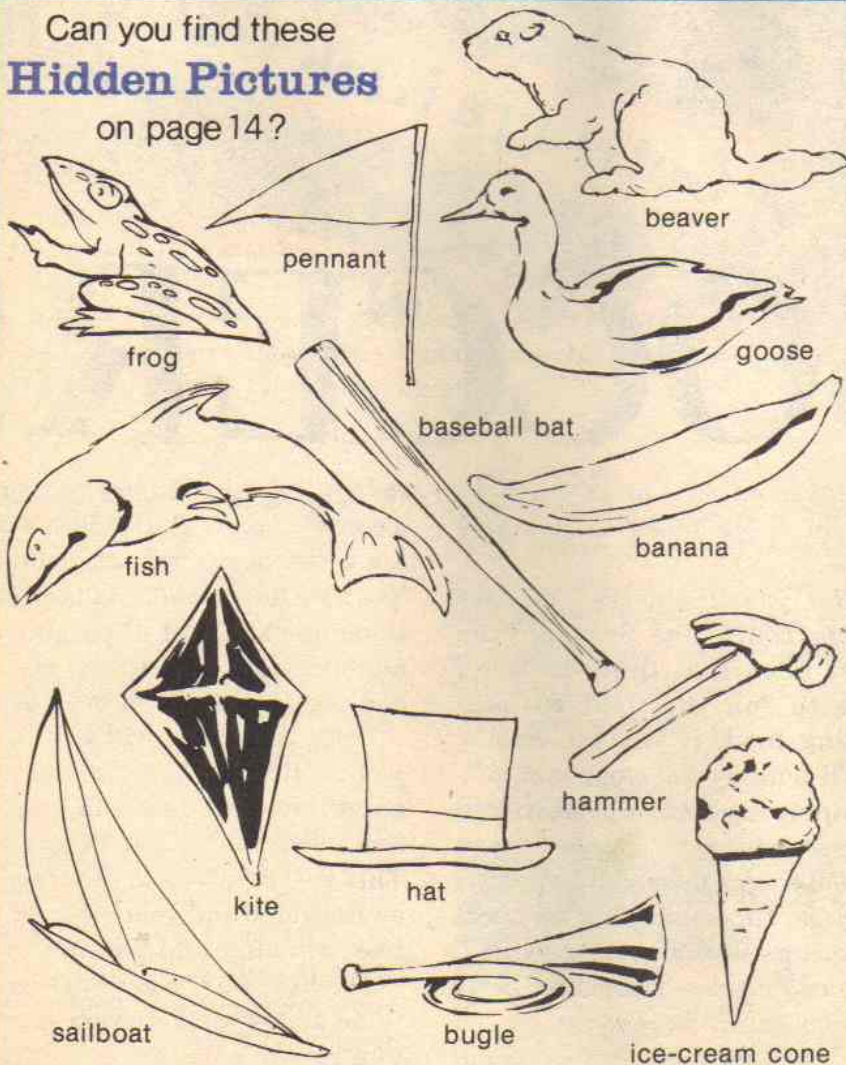
SCIENCE CORNER



Girl: Will you tell other bees about these flowers you have found?

Bee: Of course. We always work to help each other. When I get back to the hive, I will do a special dance. It will tell the other bees just where to look.

Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



What Would You Do . . .

if you fell while riding your bike and got a bad cut on your knee?

if someone asked you how to get to the nearest gas station?

if that same person asked you to come along to show the way to the gas station?

if you got to school and found that you had forgotten your math book?

if your house was without electricity for two whole days?

if your dog was missing?





Getting a Kick Out of

SOCCER!

By Marc Bloom

Have you ever gotten out of breath while playing a sport? Have you ever run down a field and felt your body grow weak, your leg muscles tighten, your lungs ready to burst?

Athletes young and old experience these feelings at one time or another. They are part of the process of getting in shape.

In soccer, being out of shape can spoil the fun. You won't get much chance to kick the ball because other players will get to it first. The coach will shout, "You're getting beat to the ball!"

Soccer is a nonstop game in which players move continuously.

A player might run as much as two or three miles in a single game.

"For young players," advises soccer coach Joe Santos, "the most important thing is being able to run the field without getting tired. If you can hustle, you'll outplay your opponents."

Santos is a former professional player who has coached high school soccer teams and younger players. He emphasizes physical fitness as well as soccer skills.

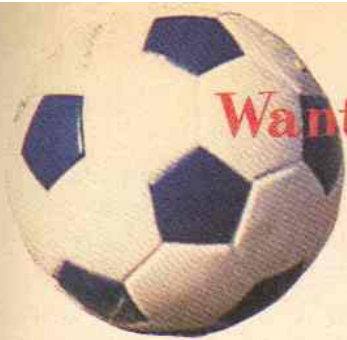
Your muscles become stronger as you get in shape. You loosen up. You'll gain speed, too, which is important in soccer.

With better conditioning you'll

reduce the risk of injury. Soccer is a contact sport. That means players often bump into each other. You dive for the ball, change directions quickly, and often play on muddy fields. When you are fit, you are less likely to get hurt.

Being in shape will also give you confidence. You'll arrive at a game knowing you can run up and down the field with anyone. This will help you to concentrate on the game and your other skills, like dribbling and passing.

The best way to get in shape is to be active almost every day. If you're on a team, follow the coach's instructions. If you're not on a team, practice on your own.



Want to beat your opponents to the ball? Try these super soccer exercises!



● **FAST PASSING:** With two friends or teammates, spread out across the field. Pass the ball to one another while running at top speed. Switch positions so that each person gets a chance to be in the center and on the outside, called the wing position.



● **SPRINTS:** Line up with a group of players, one in front of another, and run single file down the field. Start slowly, build speed, and finish very fast. Repeat several times, with each player getting a chance to be at the front of the line.

The fast running in soccer puts a lot of pressure on your upper leg muscles, called the quadriceps. When you run fast, you lift your knees high. The "quads" support your knees and fatigue quickly if they're not strong.



● **SIT-UPS:** As you work your legs, you may find that your stomach is weak. A soft belly will slow you down. Try to do twenty-five to fifty "crunch sit-ups" almost every day. Do them slowly, keeping your knees bent, and only go up about half as far as you would for a regular sit-up.

● **HOPPING:** To strengthen the quadriceps, try hopping onto a short bench, then hop down. Do this for twenty seconds, then rest; then hop for thirty seconds. Build up gradually over several sessions, but don't do this exercise more than once a week.



● **FAST DRIBBLING:** Kick the ball while running slowly; then speed up for five seconds. Repeat. This exercise develops your speed and also helps you learn to control the ball as you would during a "breakaway" in a game.



● **Fitness takes time.** You can't get in shape in one day or one week. Be patient, and don't overdo it. Making progress at a gradual pace brings the best results.

And Our Flag Is Still There

It's our Fourth of July picnic.

The catfish are frying.

Uncle Dick is playing his harmonica.

But the sky is getting darker.

By Elizabeth Van Steenwyk

“Who will help me get ready?”

Dad asks.

“I will, I will.”

I follow Dad to the edge of the river where our big johnboat is tied to a stump. My black dog Clipper comes, too. He's ready for the Fourth of July picnic. But no one else is.

Dad and I clean out the boat and wipe off the seats. Then we add a cushion for Grandma and a blanket for Mom. They both say a snooze after lunch is their favorite dessert.

“Good job.” Dad pats my back. “Now the boat's ready.” He puts the oars in, too.

A shadow creeps over the sun. It's a cloud, and I wonder if it will rain. If it does, we can't go on our picnic.

Mom comes to the back door of our house. “I can use some help, too.” She rolls up the sleeves of her red-checked blouse.

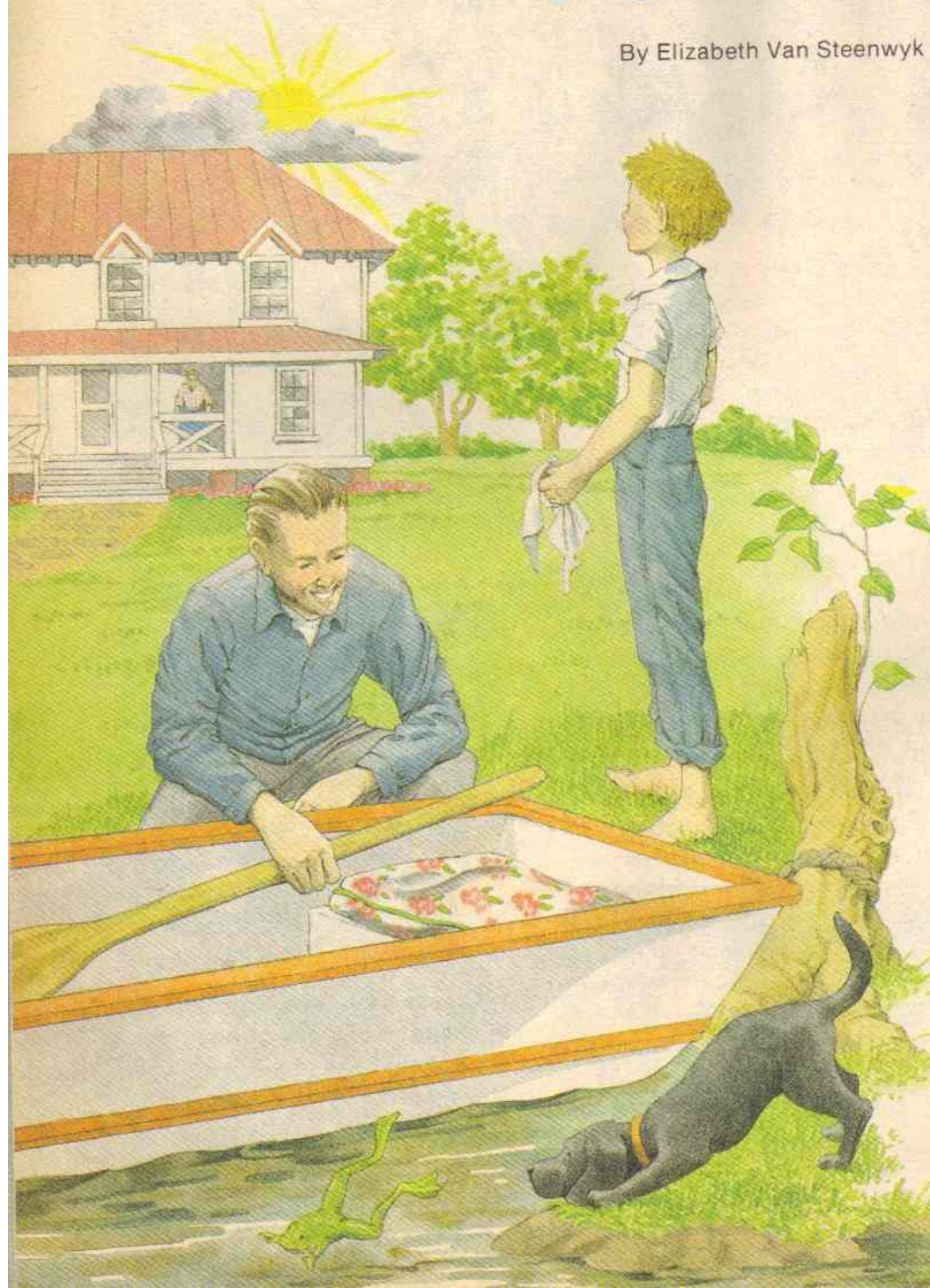
Together we pack the picnic basket. Soon there's a crock full of molasses beans, a big bowl of carrot-and-raisin salad, and a pan of crusty corn bread waiting to go.

“Where's dessert?” I ask.

“Better ask Grandma,” Mom says. “That's her department.”

I cut through the garden and stop at the woodpile to look for the mole's hole. Clipper looks, too, and his tail flags the air. The sky is worrisome, and I hope the mole is inside. Then he won't get wet if it rains.

Delicious warm smells reach out to hug me when I come to Grandma's. I slam the screen door, and a fly buzzes angrily because he is left outside. Clipper smiles a dog smile. He likes Grandma's cool wooden floor.



"Let me guess, Grandma. Are they apple or peach?"

"This one's apple," she says, pointing with cinnamon fingers. "And this one's your grandpa's favorite, rhubarb."

I think of the rhubarb behind their garage. Who would think a plant with leaves like elephant ears would make wonderful pie?

"Where's Grandpa?"

"Packing the fishing gear at Uncle Dick's. Tell him to shake a leg. We haven't got all day."

On the way to Uncle Dick's I pick hollyhocks that grow wild by an old fence. A bee sits on one flower and enjoys the ride in the sunshine.

Uncle Dick and Grandpa are sitting under a tree, tangled in miles of fishing lines. They're surrounded by rods and reels, tackle boxes, cans of worms, and Little William. Something else is there, too. Even if I don't see it, I smell it.

"I wish we didn't have to take the cheese bait." I hold my nose.

"Won't catch a catfish without it." Grandpa wipes his face with the biggest bandanna this side of the Mississippi.

"OK. The cheese bait comes, too," I say. Clipper leaves, and I know why. He can't hold his nose.

Aunt Bess calls from the back porch. "Anybody there know how to shuck corn?" She fans her face with a corner of her apron.

Little William decides that we

know how. So we shuck corn. "Look at all that stuff in the cooler," he says when we finish. "I love peanut-butter brownies."

"What's in the gallon jug?" I wonder aloud.

"Apple cider," Little William says. "The first squeezing this year, and I helped!" He digs his toes into the cracks of the porch floor as Aunt Bess hugs him.

"That was *your* first squeezing of the day," she says. She starts to hug me, too, but I step back. I'm too old for hugs.

"OK, everybody." Aunt Bess stands up. "It's time to go."

Little William skips two steps. Clipper stretches, and I suck in my breath. Does she mean it? We've been getting ready for such a long time.

Then I remember the cloud. I run outdoors and look up. It's still there.

"Maybe that cloud is only a

fooler," Uncle Dick says. He picks up the flag on its wooden pole, and we head for the river.

Mom and Dad are in the big johnboat, waiting. Grandma takes her floppy rain hat, just in case. We all pile into the boat, even Clipper, and head for the island in the middle of the river. The waves make slurpy sounds against the sides of the boat.

A few minutes later we're on the beach, and everyone goes to work. Uncle Dick and Grandpa gather firewood. Then Dad starts a fire. Mom and Aunt Bess spread a crazy quilt on the sand, while Grandma baits three lines with the smelly cheese bait. She hands one to Little William and one to me. We walk to the cove and throw our lines into the river.

We don't have long to wait. The poles dip and quiver, and

Continued on next page



"We forgot the flag!"



Continued from page 19

we all land a fish. I've got a whopper, but Little William's got a flopper. It flip-flops back into the river.

"Never mind," Grandma says. "You'll catch another one. Fish always bite when there's rain in the air."

Finally, we have enough fish to feed the whole state. "Time to stop fishing and start frying," Grandma says, looking up at the sky. It's getting darker. The breeze cools us off.

After we clean the fish, Uncle Dick puts them on a grill above the hot embers. Mom and Aunt Bess set dishes of food on the quilt. Dad and Grandpa roast the corn, while Uncle Dick plays a tune on his harmonica. I think it's "America the Beautiful."

We gather around the quilt and pile our plates high. I put the watermelon pickles on top, so I can eat them first. But suddenly my napkin flies through the air. Paper plates take off like tops. Now the cloud is above us, dumping its load of rain. We fold

corners of the quilt over the food before we run for cover. Our fire hisses as we pass it.

"Don't stand under the trees during a storm," Uncle Dick warns. He and Dad unfold Mom's blanket in the clearing. We run back to huddle under the blanket shelter they hold up for us. Little William steps into the middle of the circle, and we all hug to stay warm and dry.

"Don't stand on my foot, Little William," Grandma says. "That one's my favorite."

Everyone giggles and everyone hugs. I can feel Mom's soft fingers on one side and Grandpa's rough ones on the other. I'm not too old to hug after all.

Then I turn to look. "We forgot the flag!" I run for it and bring the wooden flagpole under the blanket.

Grandma begins to hum "Shall We Gather at the River?" and everyone joins in. Suddenly lightning flashes. Then the thunder explodes.

"Boy, that was scary." Little William's eyes are as round as

pie plates.

Clipper forgets that he is brave, and comes to stand with us. "It's all right, Clipper." Uncle Dick pats him. "Summer storms never last long."

He's right. In a minute the sun fills the sky and melts the cloud. I step out of the circle of hugs and plant the flagpole in the sand again. Grandma and Mom unfold the quilt. Some of the food has run together, but the rest has kept to itself.

"The fire just needs coaxing," Uncle Dick says. "And the fish are almost ready."

"Good," Grandpa says. "I'm starving."

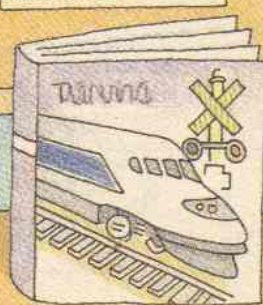
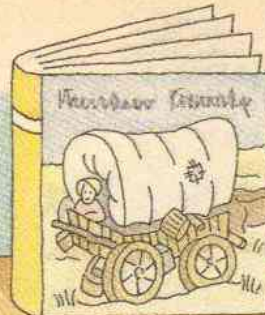
"Me, too," Little William says, sticking a finger in the brownie frosting.

We all smile and start to eat, and no one says another word. No one has to.

I taste a sweet watermelon pickle and look at our flag standing tall in the sun. I can't wait until the Fourth of July comes next year.

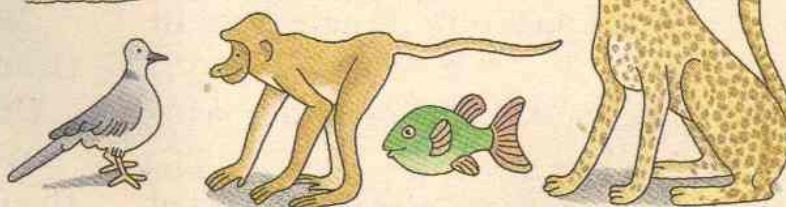
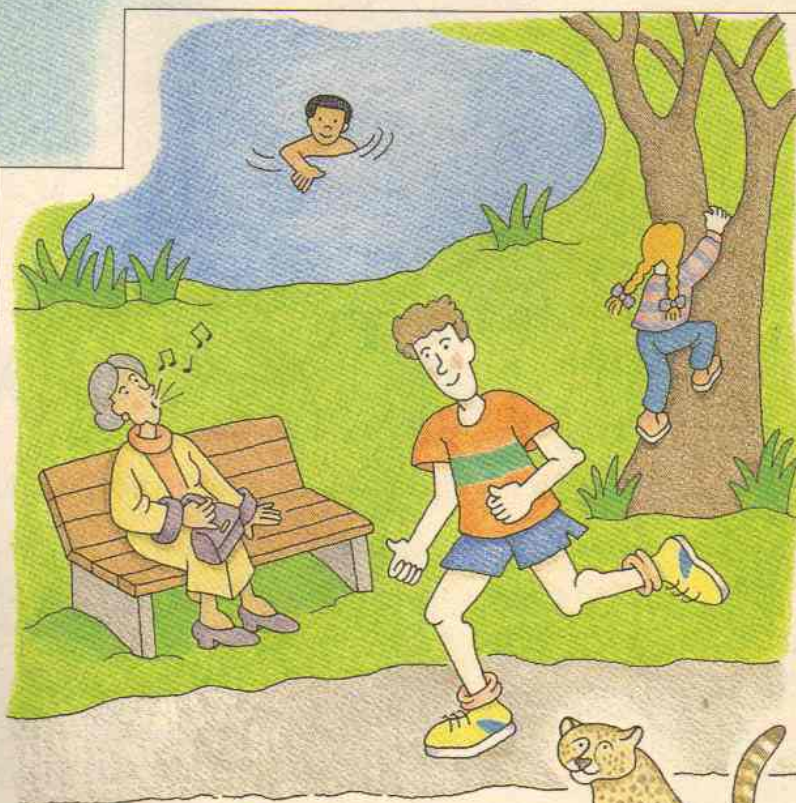
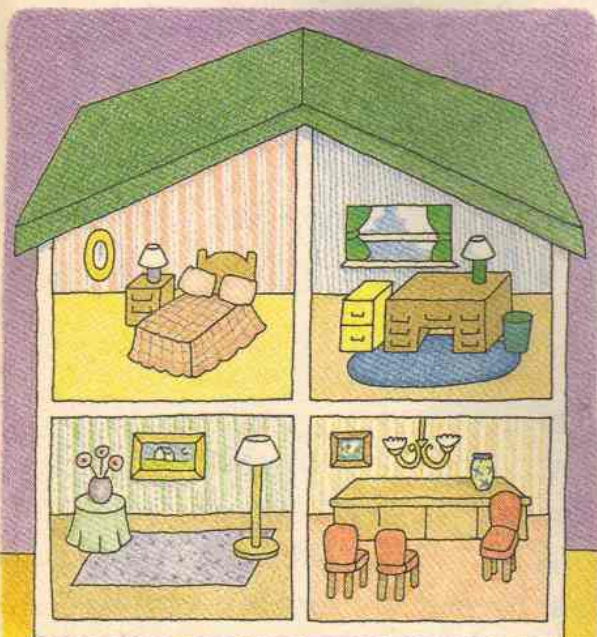
For Wee Folks

- What might each book be about?
- Which might be stories about things that have really happened or could happen?
- Which might tell you facts rather than a made-up story?



What are some of your favorite books?

Where in the house will the different pieces of furniture go?



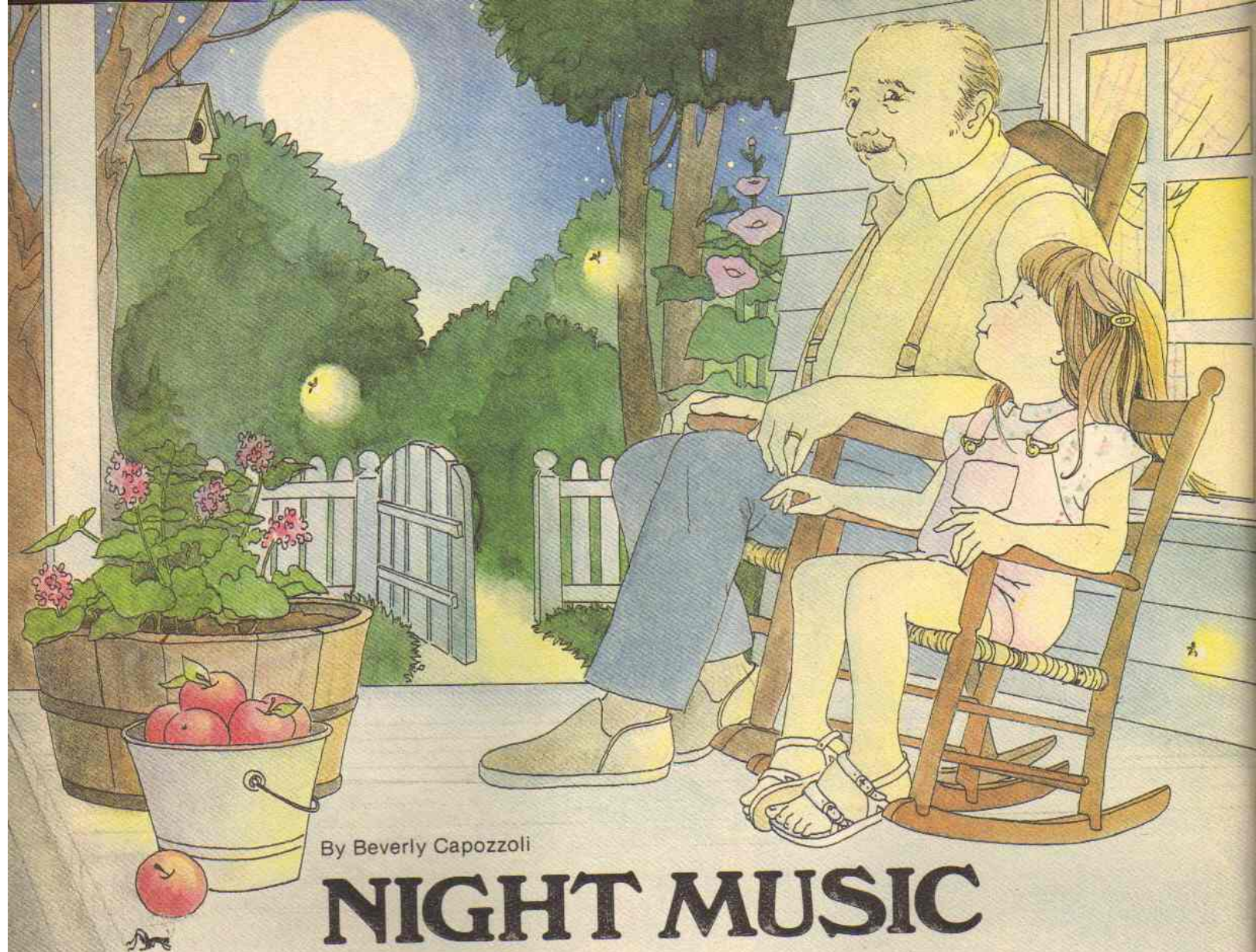
bird

monkey

fish

cheetah

Match each animal with the person doing something that the animal can do very well.



By Beverly Capozzoli

NIGHT MUSIC

Karri didn't hear the music until she closed her eyes.

Grandpa sat in his big rocking chair and closed his eyes. Karri sat in her little rocking chair and looked up at the moon.

"Ah," Grandpa said. "Listen to the night music."

"I don't hear any music," said Karri.

Grandpa smiled. "Close your eyes and listen."

Karri closed her eyes. She heard the hoot of the owl. She heard the chirp of the crickets. She heard the croak of the frogs.

"I hear the owl, Grandpa," Karri

said. "I hear the crickets and the frogs."

"Then you hear the night music," said Grandpa.

SQUEAK. Squeak. SQUEAK. Squeak. Karri rocked in her little chair.

CREAK. Creak. CREAK. Creak. Grandpa rocked in his big chair.

Grandma came out on the porch.

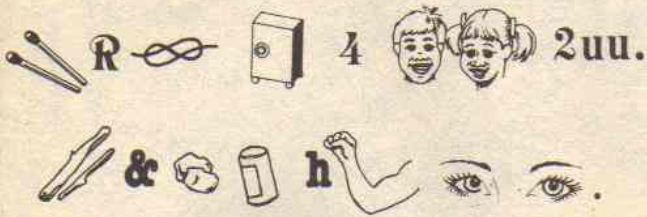
"What's going on out here?" asked Grandma.

"We're listening to the night music," Grandpa said.

"And we're part of the band!" said Karri.

Safety Tips

Can you figure out these safety tips?



Answers on page 50.

Abracadabra

By changing just one letter in each word below, you can turn an object into an animal.

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. ball | 4. noose |
| 2. rule | 5. road |
| 3. cot | 6. box |

Answers on page 50.

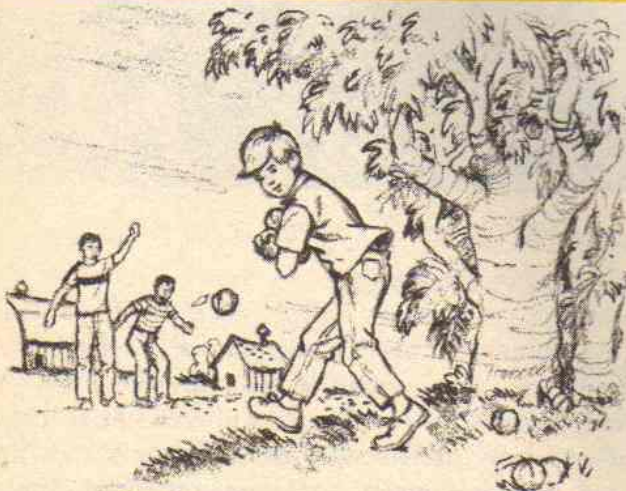
Goofus and Gallant



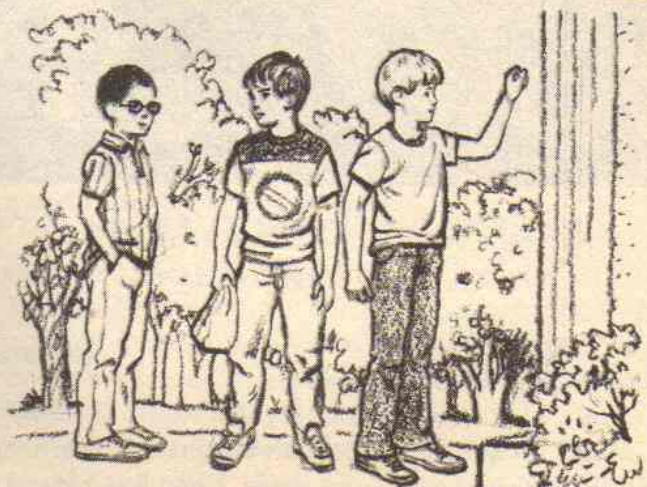
"Let's not hold the door for Carrie.
I want to be first in the lunch line."



"I'll be glad to help you anytime, Pete."



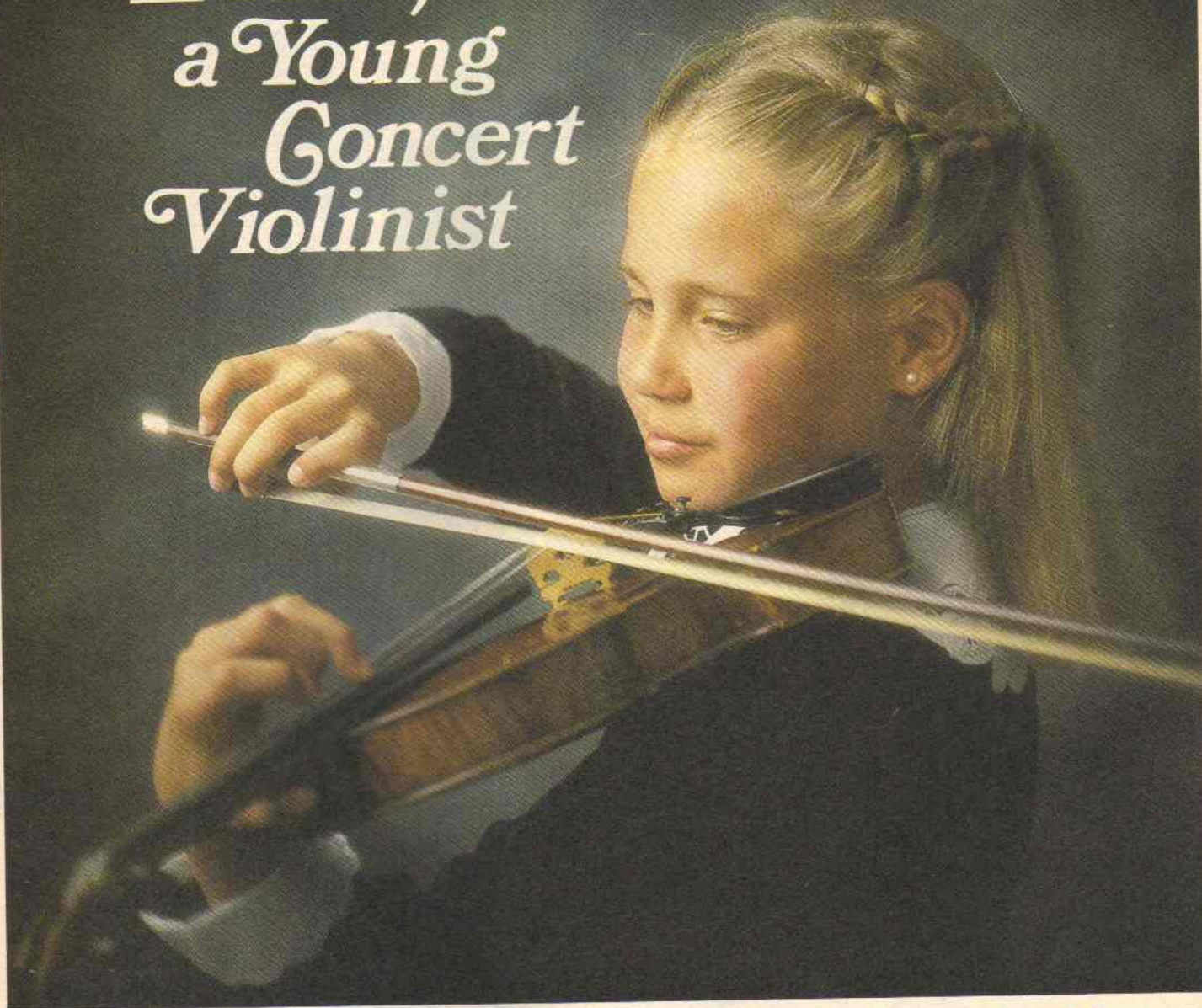
Goofus takes peaches without
asking permission.



Gallant makes sure it is OK before picking
any of his neighbor's oranges.

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn

Leila, a Young Concert Violinist



At twelve, Leila Josefowicz has performed all over the U.S., and has even played for the President.

By Janet Bergamo

pieces. She used to make up stories to go with the pieces.

It is hard for Leila Josefowicz (LIE la Joe SEF oh wits) to remember a time when she did not play the violin. Because she loved music so much, Leila's parents let her begin lessons when she was three. Leila has played the trumpet, viola, and piano. But the violin is her favorite, "because of the sound," she explains.

Leila loved to listen to recordings of classical violin music long before she could play her favorite

Now Leila is twelve. She has played her violin in concerts with adult orchestras all over the United States. She has been on television many times, even in England, and has played for the President of the United States. Often when Leila plays in a concert, the audience stands up to clap for her. That makes Leila especially happy. It means the

listeners were very impressed with the music.

■ Leila practices her violin about four hours every day. On school days she gets up at six o'clock to practice before going off to Lake Lindero Middle School near her home in southern California. After school Leila spends more time with the violin and does some homework. She likes math and reading, and does well in sports. She can run the mile and the quarter-mile faster than anyone in her class.

*"You do your best," says Leila.
"That's as much as anyone can ask."*

Because she plays so many concerts, Leila sometimes misses school, but she always makes up her work and gets good grades in her classes. Leila will be in the eighth grade. Her favorite part of the school day is the time set aside for silent reading.

After dinner Leila finishes her homework and then plays the violin again. Her father stays nearby while she practices. "It's nice to have someone there," Leila says. "It keeps me going."

When she has time, Leila likes to play with Molly, her golden retriever. She also enjoys games of tetherball with her younger brother, Steven, but she has to be careful of her hands. Once before a performance, Leila sprained a finger. Luckily, it got better in time for the concert, but now she wears boxing gloves whenever she plays tetherball!

After a concert Leila takes a break from the violin. That gives her a chance to enjoy shopping or going out to dinner or a movie. Usually she sees friends at school or during vacations.

One thing Leila does not do is watch television. For Leila, the violin is more important than television. Sometimes it is hard for Leila to be practicing when her friends are out playing. Then she asks herself, "What do I want to do?" The answer is always, "I want to play violin really well." So she keeps on working.

■ Two times a week, Leila and her father drive to Los Angeles, where she has her violin lessons. While Leila works with her teacher, her dad takes notes to help her remember what to work on at home. For the last three years Leila has studied with Robert Lipsett, a teacher at the Colburn School of Performing Arts. Sometimes Mr. Lipsett plays his violin to show her what he wants her to do. He doesn't get angry if she makes a mistake. He knows she always tries her best. Even while they are working hard, Mr. Lipsett and Leila have a good time and make jokes with each other.



Leila began her 12th birthday party by having breakfast with her brother, Steven. At right Leila, Steven, their mom, and Molly (the dog) walk along the beach at Malibu.



Leila says concerts are fun. She plays all her music from memory, so during a performance Leila concentrates intensely. But she doesn't get too nervous. "You know you've worked hard," she says. "So you can't do too badly. You focus all of your time on the concert, and when you do it, you get something. You reach the goal."

As Leila keeps improving, she changes her goals. Someday she would like to play her violin in New York's Carnegie Hall, the way many famous adult concert artists have done. In the meantime, there are new pieces to learn and new ways to try to improve her sound.

■ Right now Leila thinks she will play the violin for a long time. But what if she grew tired of practicing so hard? Would she give up music completely? Leila doesn't have to think very long to answer that question. She says, very positively, "I would always have music in my life."

THE DAY THE BOOKS LEAKED

By Gene Twaronite

Elwyn knew something was wrong when he started to read from his favorite book, *Alice in Wonderland*: "Alice was beginning to get very tired of . . ."

"Tired of what?" said Elwyn. He stared at a big white space on the first page. It was as if someone had ripped the rest of the words right off the page.

Elwyn flipped through the book. There were white spaces on every page. Almost half of the words were gone and, worst of all, it was a library book.

As Elwyn watched, the word *caterpillar* began to wriggle on the page, then flew into the air and straight through his bedroom wall. He shut the book, but it was no use. The words *orange marmalade* oozed right after the caterpillar.

Elwyn ran all the way to the library. A cloud of words dribbled out behind him. He opened the book and showed the pages to the librarian, Mr. Gryphon. They were now completely blank.

"Something's happened to the words," said Elwyn in a shaky voice. "They're gone."

Mr. Gryphon peered over his glasses and frowned. "Words don't just get up and go," he said. "What did you do to this book?"

"Nothing," said Elwyn. "The words just leaked out! Maybe you should check the other books."

"That's the silliest thing I've ever heard," said Mr. Gryphon. He opened a book on his desk.

The page was full of white spaces.

As Mr. Gryphon looked up, a string of words fluttered like butterflies past his beaked nose.

"My word!" he said. "I've never seen anything like this."

He and Elwyn ran through the stacks. Words were seeping from every shelf and floating down the aisles. Some of the books were blank, but some were missing only a few words.

"This is terrible," Mr. Gryphon said. "What good is a book with missing words?"

"Don't worry," said Elwyn. "I'll find out what's causing the leak." With that, he followed the word *serendipity* as it snaked out the front door.

Outside, *serendipity* floated

away and joined other words that swarmed in all types and sizes through the sky like a squiggling black cloud. They all seemed to be heading downtown.

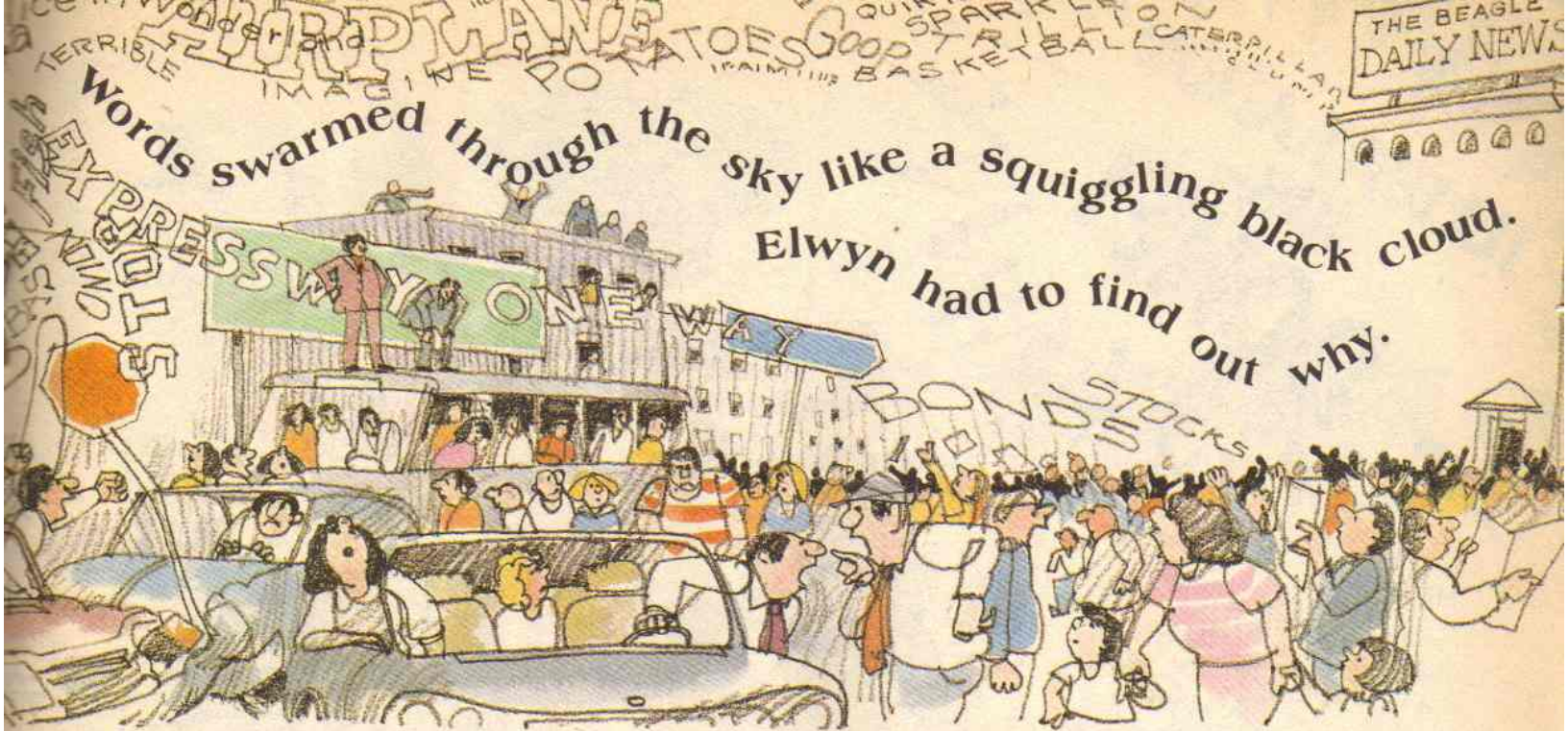
Elwyn followed the swarm down East Street. He noticed swarms of words coming from different parts of the city.

Suddenly there was a crash, as two cars collided at the corner of East and South streets. One of the drivers hadn't stopped for the sign, because the word *STOP* was gone.

So it's not just *books* that are leaking, thought Elwyn. Everywhere he looked there were blank street signs, storefronts, and billboards. There were cars honking and people yelling at each other. No one knew when to stop or go, or where to find anything.

Farther down East Street, Elwyn saw an angry man on a park bench. He was flipping through a newspaper that had only pictures and pieces of stories.

Why should only *some* of the words be leaking? wondered Elwyn. He turned onto Main



Street and was almost trampled by a crowd of angry people. "Give us back our words!" the people shouted.

Overhead, the words had come together in one big swarm that looked like the funnel-shaped cloud of a giant tornado. The swarm was being pulled down through the roof of the *Beagle Daily News*. Whatever is causing the leak, Elwyn thought, must be very near.

Elwyn pushed his way through the crowd and went inside to the newsroom. He knocked on the editor's door.

"What is it?" asked the editor.

"Something is making all the words in town swarm through the sky and fly into your building," said Elwyn.

"Sure," said the editor. "Now go follow your words someplace else. We have enough words around here. Too many, if you ask me."

Just then a reporter ran into the office, screaming, "What have you done to my story?" He handed the editor a sheet of paper that was blank except for adverbs and

adjectives like *very* and *great*.

"I don't understand," said the editor. "We had the computer programmed to delete unnecessary words from our stories. It doesn't seem to be working."

"Where is this computer?" asked Elwyn.

"The mainframe is in the next room," said the editor. "It's one of the most powerful computers money can buy."

They entered the room and stared at the computer's big display screen. Lines of words were zipping across its face and disappearing, faster than rabbits down a hole.

"Can the computer display the new program?" asked Elwyn.

"Sure," said the editor. She entered a command. "DELETE ALL NECESSARY WORDS" appeared on the screen.

"There's your problem," said Elwyn. "The computer's been given the wrong instructions. It's erasing all the *necessary* words. And it's pulling them here from all over town!"

"I'll call the programmer," said the editor.

"There's no time for that," said Elwyn. "Do you mind if I try something?"

"Anything!" said the editor.

Elwyn stroked his chin for a moment. Then he entered a new command into the computer: "INSERT ALL NECESSARY WORDS."

Suddenly words began marching backward on the screen. From its memory, the computer started to replace all the necessary words it had erased. As if by magic, they swirled out the roof of the *Daily News* and went squiggling back into place, all over town.

Outside, people again knew when to stop and go, and where to find things. Best of all, they could read their favorite books again.

Elwyn returned to the library to find Mr. Gryphon watching a swarm of words that were flowing back where they belonged.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. "But how did you ever do it?"

"It's simple, Mr. Gryphon," said Elwyn. "You just need to know the necessary words."

ILLUSTRATION JOB— DONE!

HI, KIDS!

Remember I asked you to illustrate the poem "The Wrong Start" back in the March 1990 issue of HIGHLIGHTS? Well, here are some of the finishes and are they terrific! I only wish we could print them all.

Thank you again for a job well done. I hope you had fun!

Sincerely,

Rosanne Guararra

Rosanne Guararra
Art Director

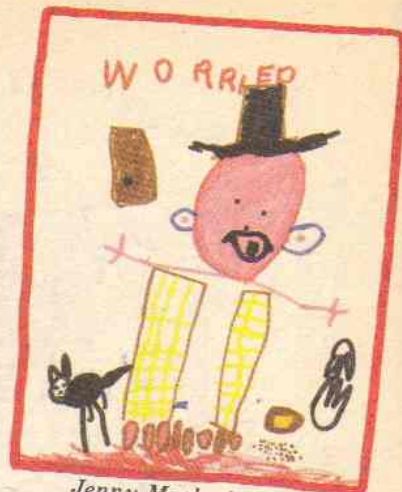
THE WRONG START

By Marchette Chute

I got up this morning and meant to be good,
But things didn't happen the way that they should.
I lost my toothbrush,
I slammed the door,
I dropped an egg
On the kitchen floor,
I spilled some sugar
And after that
I tried to hurry
And tripped on the cat.
Things may get better. I don't know when.
I think I'll go back and start over again.



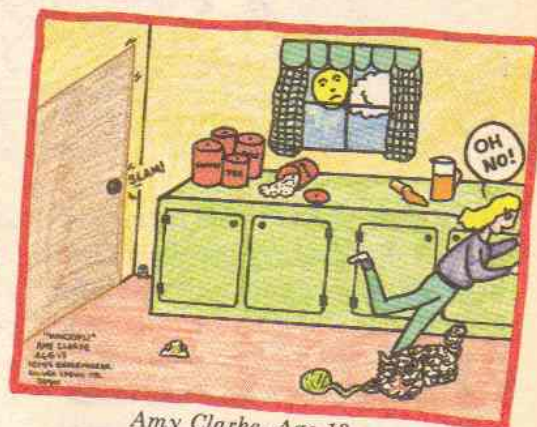
Tess Bogar, Age 9
Baltimore, Maryland



Jenny Mack, Age 5
Kalamazoo, Michigan



Todd Jones, Age 6
Atlanta, Georgia



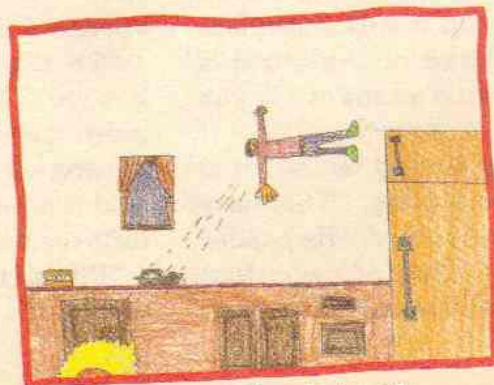
Amy Clarke, Age 13
Silver Spring, Maryland



Neil Pope, Age 8
Mississauga, Ontario



Cindy Michalowski, Age 12
Crestwood, Illinois



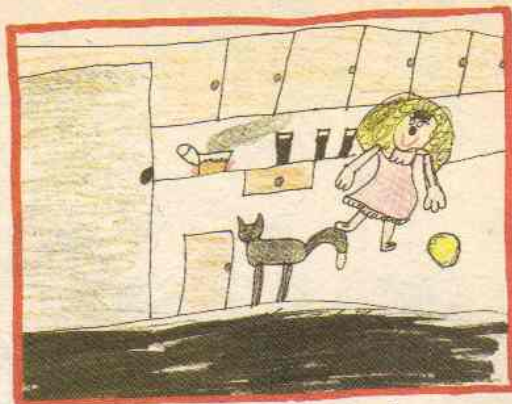
David M. Carroll, Age 10
Omaha, Nebraska



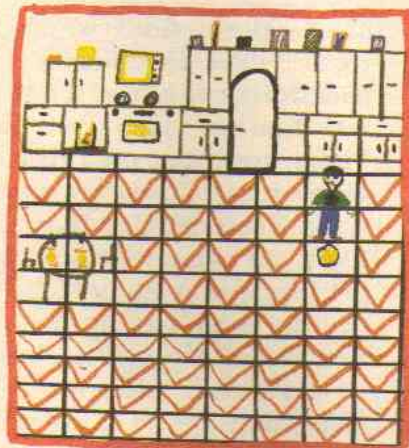
Erin Byram, Age 10
East Hartford, Connecticut



Neil Shah, Age 10
Susquehanna, Pennsylvania



Amber Grimmer, Age 7
Oakhurst, California



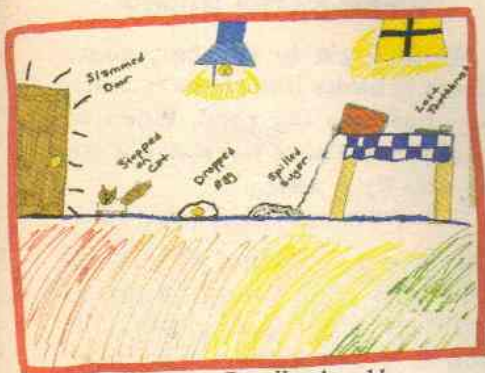
Ben Koehler, Age 9
Denver, Colorado



Monica Lewis, Age 11
Olympia, Washington



Mikey Goryance, Age 4
Willoughby, Ohio



Rebecca Rozelle, Age 11
Lincoln, Alabama



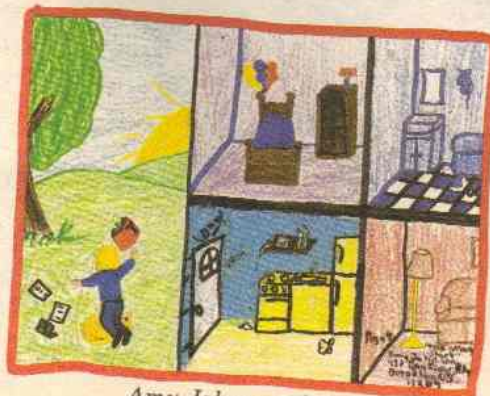
Meridith Burkgren Morgan, Age 6
Ames, Iowa



Meghan Burns, Age 5
New York, New York



Billy Bollinger, Age 13
St. Clair Shores, Michigan



Amy Johnson, Age 9
Brooklyn, New York



Erik Dow, Age 9
Randolph, Maine

Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Science Editor



Making a Glow

Why do things glow in the dark?

Michael Sheenan—La Mesa, California

Different things glow in the dark for different reasons. A general term for the glow is **phosphorescence**. One place you can see it is in a fluorescent lamp. The inside of the lamp makes ultraviolet light, which you can't see. There is a white coating of special chemicals on

the inside of the glass. These chemicals absorb the ultraviolet light and emit ordinary light that you can see. Most of the emitted light comes back quickly, but a small part of it is delayed.

Look carefully at a fluorescent lamp in an otherwise dark room. You will see that it glows for many seconds after you turn off the electricity to it.

A number of living organisms have a rather common set of

chemical reactions which make light. This is usually called **bioluminescence**. That's the way fireflies make their flashes. There are other organisms that glow—insect larvae (glowworms), some bacteria, and fungi. And there are some tiny phytoplankton that live in many of the warm oceans and can make whole patches of the ocean glow.

So you see, there are a lot of different ways to make a glow.

Acrobatic Ants

How do ants walk on the ceiling without falling off?

Kevin Clough—Oak Forest, Illinois

I haven't been able to find an answer in any books, so I asked my friend, Larry Gilbert, who is an entomologist studying insects. He is not sure, but he thinks that many insects have tiny bristles

or short hairs on the bottoms of their feet. If that's true, the hairs must be tiny—small enough to hold on to very small irregularities in the surface.

Some insects, maybe ants, can walk on the underside of glass. Of course, even glass has a rough surface when seen by a powerful microscope.

Water on the Road?

When I am in the car, sometimes it looks like there is water up ahead on the road. When we get closer, there isn't any water at all. Why not?

Jill Biegler—Boca Raton, Florida

I have noticed that, too. I think you will find that it happens only on a warm day when the sun is making the road surface hot. The heated air is rising from the surface, and other air is moving in to take its place. So, there are a lot of hot and cool air drafts churning around close to the road surface. Light going through that churning air is bent back and forth to make the road surface look wavy—like water.

In the desert on a hot day you may see even stranger things. They are called mirages—all kinds of strange things that seem to appear and disappear. Mixtures of churning hot and cold air can bend light rays to give strange effects.

Mosquito Bites

I have tons of mosquito bites. They are driving me crazy. Why do mosquito bites itch?

Laura Monick

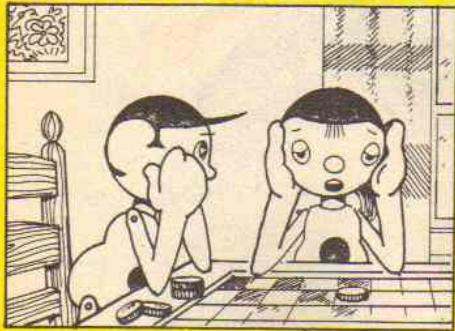
North Tonawanda, New York

When a female mosquito sticks her beak into your skin to get a meal of blood, she leaves a little of her saliva in the wound. I guess almost all humans are allergic to something in mosquito saliva. So, we get an allergic reaction, and the skin around the bite itches and gets red.

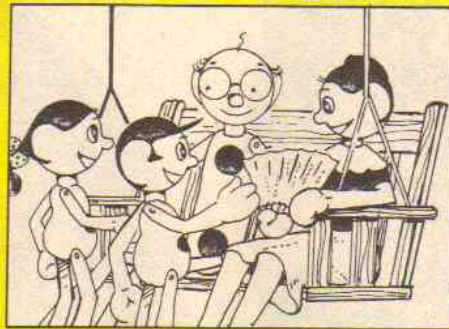


THE TIMBERTOES

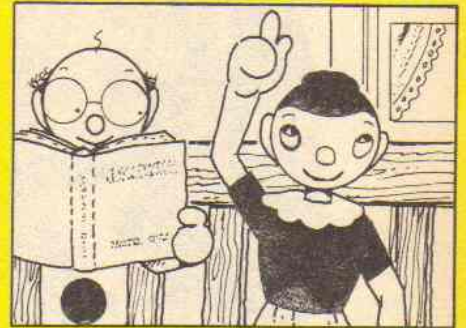
By Sidney Quinn



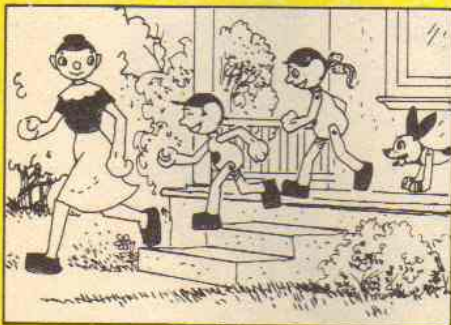
Tommy and Mabel are bored.



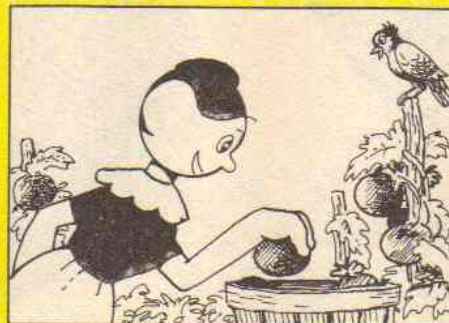
"What can we do?"



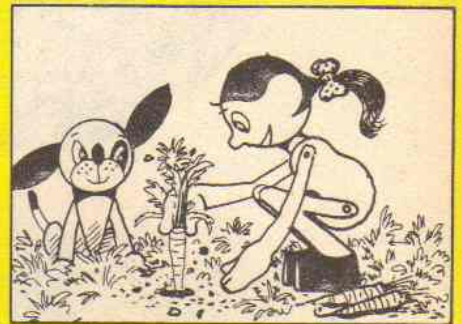
Ma has an idea.



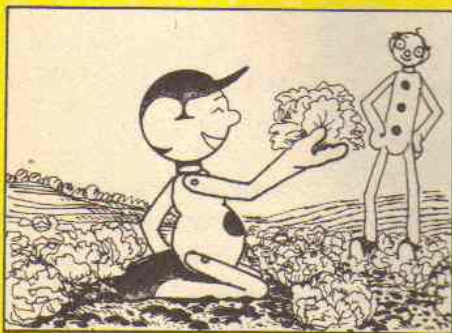
"Let's go to the garden."



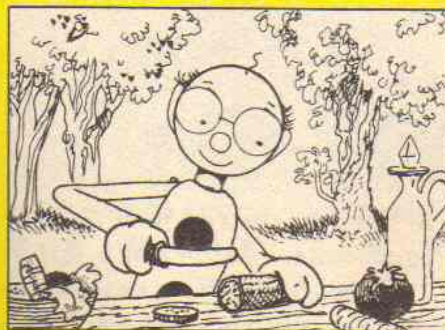
Ma chooses tomatoes.



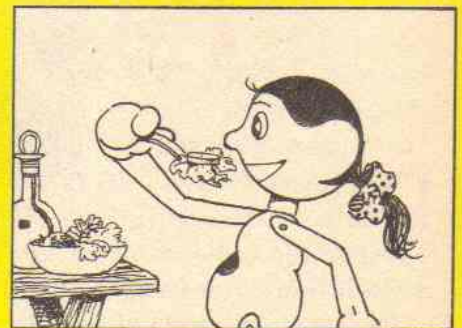
Mabel pulls carrots.



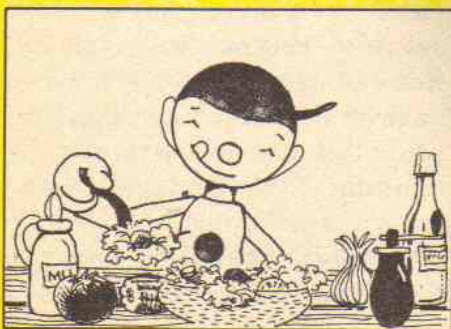
Tommy picks lettuce.



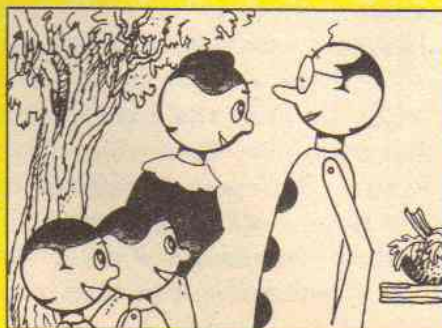
Pa makes a summer salad.



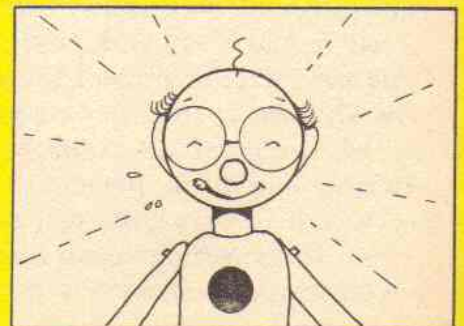
"Mmmmmm!" says Mabel.



"Delicious," says Tommy.



Pa doesn't say a word.

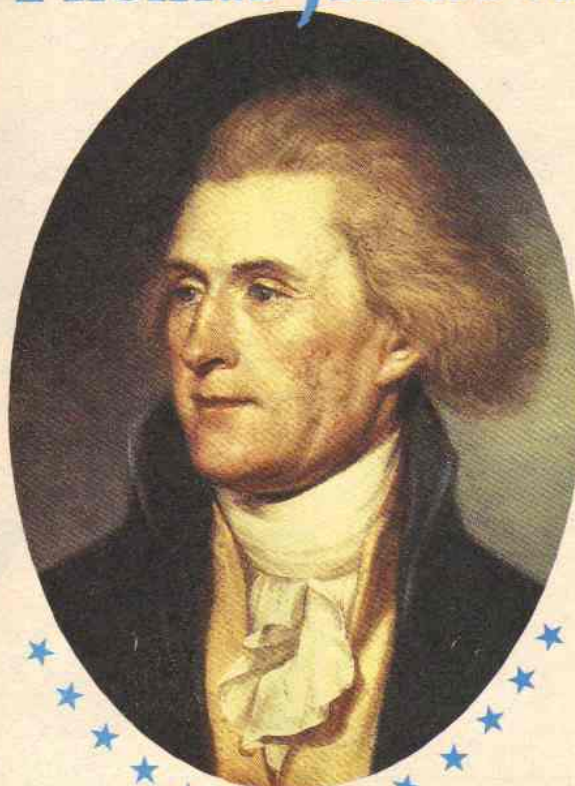


His mouth is too full!



John Adams

Thomas Jefferson



Two Famous Friends

By Jean K. Potratz

Did you ever have an argument with a friend? Did you stop being friends? Forever? Or after a while were you friends again?

Two famous friends who had their ups and downs were John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. They met in 1775 when they both served in the First Continental Congress. A strong bond grew between them as they worked on the Declaration of Independence. After the end of the Revolutionary War they were both sent to France, to serve their country by making trade treaties.

When Adams was then sent to London, the two men wrote to each other. Jefferson's letters expressed his "sincere esteem and respect" for Adams. When Jefferson visited the Adamses in London in 1786, Adams's wife, Abigail, wrote to her sister that Jefferson was "one of the choice ones of the earth."

But in 1789 the two friends disagreed over the revolution in France. Jefferson supported it, but Adams was not so sure.

They also disagreed about the role of government in their own

new nation. Adams, a Federalist, wanted a strong central government. Jefferson, a Republican, believed that states' rights were most important.

In the presidential election of 1796 Adams and Jefferson opposed each other. Adams won. Jefferson became vice president. But Jefferson wanted Adams to know that he didn't mind placing second in the election, and he told him, "I have no ambition to govern men."

Only two years later, however, their friendship was strained



Even after a twelve-year quarrel, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams became friends again.

when Adams imprisoned editors and publishers who spoke out against the government. Citizens' First Amendment rights were being violated, Jefferson stated. He called Adams a traitor to the Revolution.

Jefferson defeated Adams in the next election. Jefferson told Dr. Benjamin Rush, a friend of both Jefferson and Adams, about a conversation he had had with Adams before the result of the election was known.

Adams had said, "Well, I understand that you are to beat me in this contest, and I will only say that I will be as faithful a subject as any you will have."

Jefferson had replied, "Mr. Adams, this is no personal contest between you and me. Two systems of government divide our fellow citizens into two parties. With one of these you concur, and I with the other." And Adams had agreed.

It seemed that the two men had put away hostilities. But before Jefferson took office, Adams quickly used a new law to appoint several judges. Then, hurt by his defeat in the election, he went home to Massachusetts, missing Jefferson's inauguration.

Immediately President Jefferson pardoned everyone jailed by

Adams. And since he felt that Adams's appointment of judges was a personal attack, Jefferson had the new law repealed. This meant that Adams's son, John Quincy Adams, lost his post. Both Adams and his wife Abigail blamed Jefferson.



Adams, Jefferson, and the Second Continental Congress

Jefferson and Adams wrote several more letters, but they were filled with hurt. To halt more harsh words, they stopped writing.

Dr. Rush called the rift between Jefferson and Adams "a national misfortune." After all, the two men were symbols of American independence.

Then in October 1809 Dr. Rush claimed to have had a dream: Jefferson and Adams would

renew their friendship, and he "sunk into the grave nearly at the same time." He encouraged both men to begin writing to each other again. Finally, on New Year's Day in 1812, Adams wrote a note to Jefferson and sent him two volumes published by his son. Jefferson responded in a letter dated January 21.

From then on, for fourteen years, the two old friends wrote back and forth, discussing natural science, history, architecture, religion, art, and agriculture.

As Dr. Rush said he had dreamed, Jefferson and Adams died within hours of each other. That was on July 4, 1826, fifty years to the day after approval of the Declaration of Independence.

Upon renewing their friendship, Jefferson had written to Adams, "We were fellow laborers in the same cause . . . Still we did not expect to be without rubs and difficulties; and we had them."

Many friends have problems. But theirs were surely greater than ours. For when Jefferson and Adams did not agree, the whole country lined up behind the one or the other. Even so, their respect for each other brought them back together.





Statue of Liberty

Erin Garey, Age 11
Staples, Minnesota

Our Own Pages

Fireworks

Dancing colors up in the sky,
Brilliant as a rainbow they shoot up high,
Exploding sparkles, bangs, and booms,
Electric colors, zangs, and zooms.
Dying embers fall to the ground.
I will remember them always,
The color and the sound.

Caitlin Biljan, Age 10
Enumclaw, Washington

Different Laughs

Some laugh a deep, deep laugh,
Like an echo from the depths of the soul.
Others, a shrill high one,
Piercing the air around them.
Some have laughs like silver bells,
Clear as the morning sky.
Others have laughs like wicked demons,
Growls and sneers.
Some have laughs like little lambs,
Sweet and shy.
Others have forced fake ones,
Forced for the sake of politeness.
Some have laughs for every occasion;
Others have none at all.

Jaya Agrawal, Age 12
Richmond, Indiana



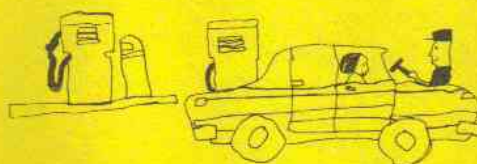
Me by My House

Kuilani Ontai, Age 5
Ewa Beach, Hawaii

Butterflies

I like butterflies very much. I
can catch them and let them go
free. Little baby butterflies can-
not fly, so their daddy has to
take them to the store. I tell my
friends in the park that butter-
flies need room to play.

Tyler Metz, Age 3
Montoursville, Pennsylvania



Filling Up

Herb Ballou, Age 7
Helena, Montana

The Bird

A wiggle
a crack
a baby bird
a life
a blue sky with everything

Alina Sanchez, Age 9
Mount Airy, Maryland

The Distance

On the rainbow
Where the castle lies
Colors
Are following on

In the castle
Stands a lonely soul
Thinking
As a silhouette

And the shadow
Wonders what will be,
Dreaming
Her world will shatter
No one will see
Life on the rainbow
Maybe

All will become one
Amanda M. Broomfield, Age 11
New York, New York

New Holiday

My new holiday would be
"Cookie Day." It would be August
1st because there is no holiday in
August. Cookie Day would be a
good holiday because everyone
loves cookies. We would celebrate
Cookie Day by baking homemade
cookies and sharing them with
each other. I think Cookie Day
would be one of the most popular
holidays of the year.

Christine Rukavina, Age 8
Toms River, New Jersey



A Sweet Girl

Deborah Grossman, Age 12
Jerusalem, Israel

The jets

Like giant birds
With back-swept wings
Like eagles that swoop

By the sun,

The jet planes come from

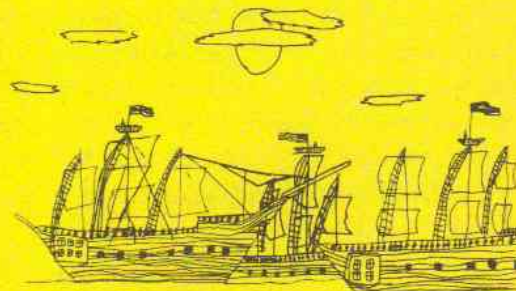
The caves of dawn

And sweep out

Past the stars

Of morn!

Robbie S. Carpenter, Age 10
Barnesville, Ohio



Ships Passing

Ryan Hanson, Age 8
Glendale, Arizona



Chris McMillan, Age 13
Spanish Fork, Utah

Martin

A mouth full of words
Someone for me to talk to
A wonderful friend.

Brandon Van Atta, Age 12
Ontario, Oregon



The Baseball Game
Julianne Rupert, Age 7
McCloud, Oklahoma

Music

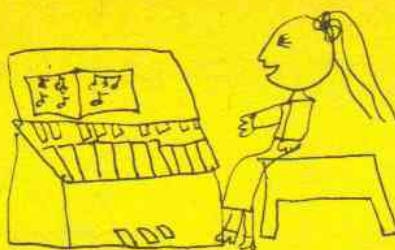
I really like music,
It's from my head to my feet.
But there's just one problem,
I just can't get the beat!
Music is music,
It's a sound to my ear,
But there's just one problem,
It isn't very clear!
I try and try to get it right,
I want to get it done!
But when there are a thousand songs,
They only seem like one!

James Carpenter, Age 6
Seattle, Washington

Lies

Lies are like balloons.
The more you blow air into a balloon,
The bigger it gets.
The more you make up about a lie,
The bigger it gets.
It gets bigger and bigger and bigger
And bigger until it POPS!
Then all the hot air comes out.

Jennifer Nickles, Age 13
Oxford, Alabama



My Piano
Puanani Tuiolosega, Age 6
Pago Pago, American Samoa



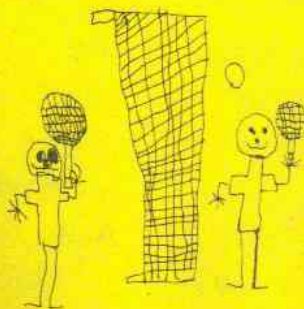
Drums and Cymbals
Brian Mahood, Age 4
Houston, Texas

Good-bye, Fifth Grade

I would leave and it's true
But there is glue on my shoe

It's queer—
I'll—just—stay—here

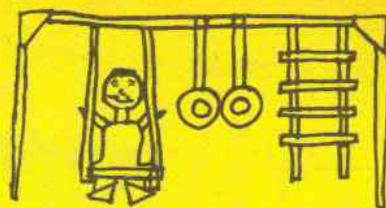
Andrew Bush Olthuis, Age 11
Big Rapids, Michigan



Tennis
Chris Coutlee, Age 5
North Highlands, California



A Nest in a Spruce
Brett Desmarais, Age 9
Exeter, New Hampshire



Swing Set
Adrienne Cott, Age 9
Mississauga, Ontario

I am a little snail.
I am looking out of my shell.
And this is true, I'm seeing
Someone just like you.
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder,
What shall I do?
Shall I come right out now?
I wonder if I come right out,
They might lift me high, high
Right up in the sky.
I'm going out and no one
can stop me.
But if they pick me up
they may drop me.
I'm not coming out in this case.
I'm not showing my little face.
Now they've turned away
And I can stay.
Three cheers, hip hip hooray.

Max Golden, Age 7
London, England

Batter
Nervous, anxious
Watching, waiting, swinging
Hoping he hits it
Slugger

Jason Heindoff, Age 9
Liverpool, New York

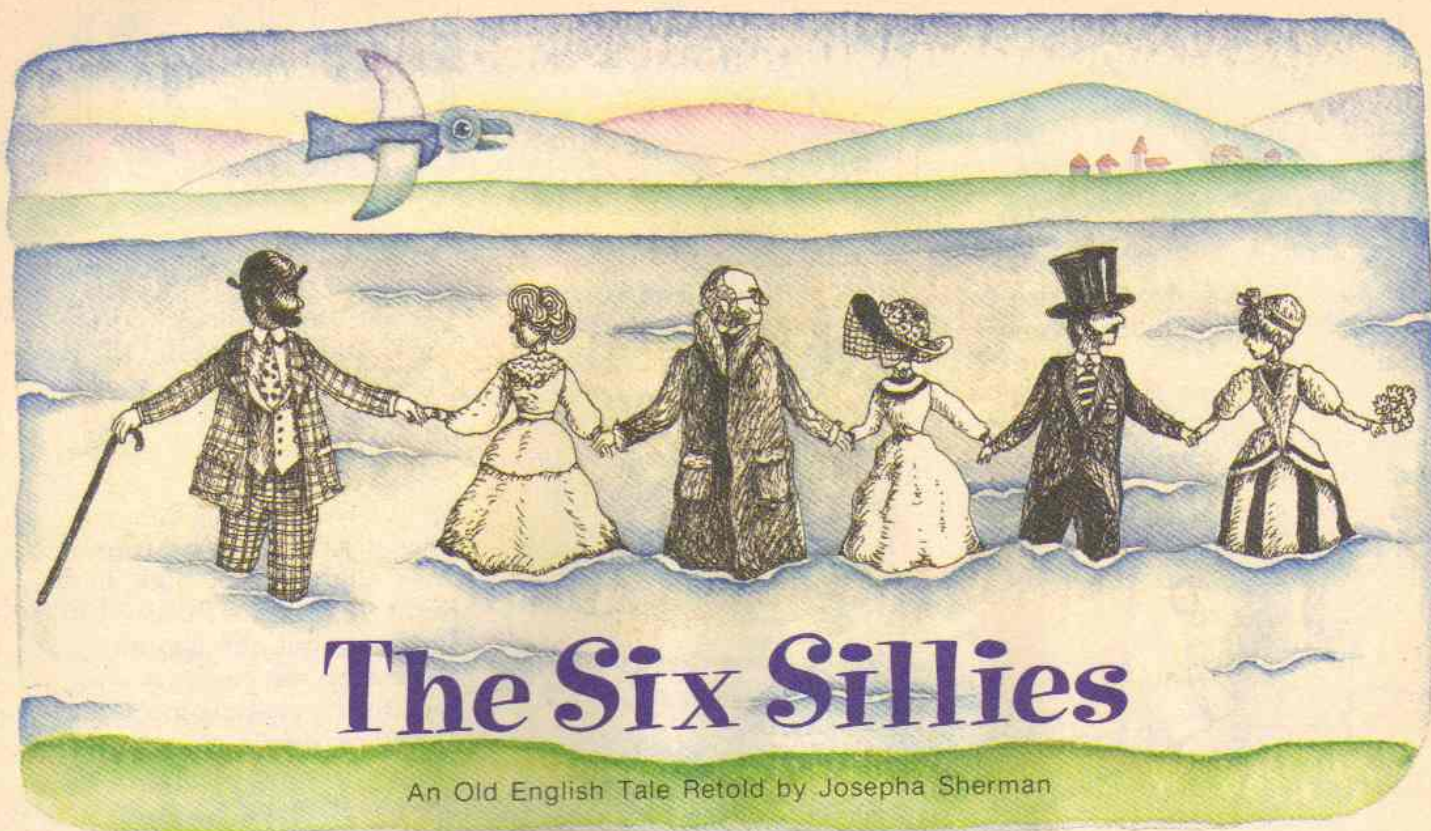


My House
Joseph Stephens, Age 11
Indianapolis, Indiana

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or black-and-white drawing to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us.



The Six Sillies

An Old English Tale Retold by Josepha Sherman

Once upon a time six silly friends went for a walk. Their names were Bill and Jill, Ann and Dan, and Sam and Pam. They came to a little river and waded across. But when they had reached the other side of the river, Bill said, "Did we all cross the river? Are we all here?"

"I don't know," said Ann.

"We had better count ourselves to be sure," said Sam. "One, two, three, four, five—oh no! I counted only five! There should be six of us!"

"Let me count," Pam said. "One, two, three, four, five—it's true! I counted only five, too!"

Jill counted. Ann counted. Bill and Dan counted. They all counted, "One, two, three, four, five!"

"Oh no!" the sillies cried. "One of us is missing! One of us must have

fallen in the river and drowned! Oh no, oh no!"

A traveler came riding by. He heard the six sillies. "What is wrong?" he asked.

"We went for a walk," said Bill.

"And now one of us is gone," added Ann.

"One of us must have drowned in the river!" cried Jill.

"But that river is very shallow," the traveler said. "No one could drown in it. How many of you were there at the start?"

"There were six," Sam told him.

"But there are still six," said the traveler.

"No, no. We all counted. There are only five!"

The traveler got down from his

"Help!" the sillies cried. "One of us has fallen in the river!"



horse. "Show me how you counted," he said.

Sam pointed to the other sillies. "One, two, three, four, five."

"Poor sillies," the traveler said, smiling. "Look." He counted them, tapping each one on the head as he counted. "One, two, three, four, five, six. See?"

"Six!" the sillies cried. "You've found our friend!"

"No, no, no!" said the traveler. "Your friend was never missing. When you counted heads, you each forgot to count your own. That is how you counted only five, not six."

Shaking his head, the traveler got back on his horse and rode away. The six sillies looked at each other.

"How could that be?" Bill asked. He counted again. "One, two, three, four,

five—oh no! The traveler must have made our friend disappear again!"

"But—but that must mean he is a wizard!" cried Ann.

"A wizard!" cried the six sillies. They ran back to their village as fast as they could. "Help!" they shouted. "How many of us are there?"

"Why, there are six of you," said a woman in the village.

Six! The sillies smiled at each other.

"The wizard must have given us back our missing friend," said Bill. "But which one of us was it? Which one was missing?"

They tried and tried, but nobody could remember being missing. At last the sun went down and the moon came up. But the six silly friends never did figure out what happened.



Look at the things pictured. Now suppose you were blindfolded while someone hit each thing with a hammer. Could you tell which had been hit?



"I wish I were more like you. You're not afraid to ask questions in class."

"Oh, it's not easy for me, either. But I know that I need to ask questions if I don't understand things the teacher has said."



A Tricky Teaser

Mrs. Painter, Mr. Gardener, and Mr. Carpenter met one afternoon.

"Isn't it funny," said Mrs. Painter, "one of us is a painter, one a gardener, and one a carpenter. Yet all of us work at jobs different from our names."

"That's true," said the gardener.

Can you figure out each person's job?

Answer on page 50.



Say That Again!

What is wrong with each of these remarks?

The Mellows were shopping. They bought ten pounds of potatoes, fresh vegetables, some canned goods, and a ten-pound turkey. Mr. Mellow told Lisa, "You should carry the turkey because the potatoes would be too heavy for you."

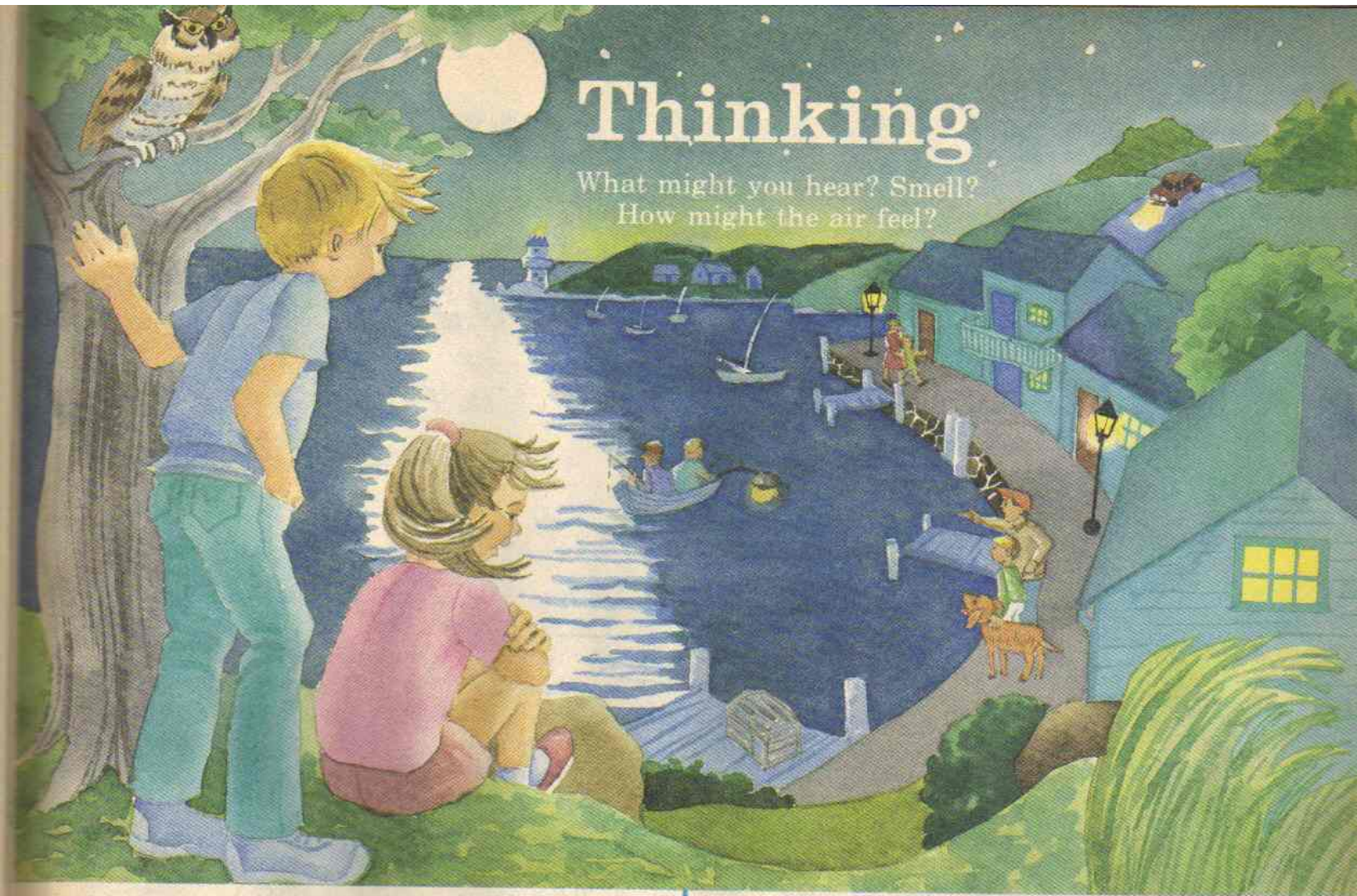
"I'd better get a card for my grandfather. His birthday is September 31."

Emily was going to Australia for her Christmas vacation. Her mother reminded her, "Don't forget to take your warm coat."



Thinking

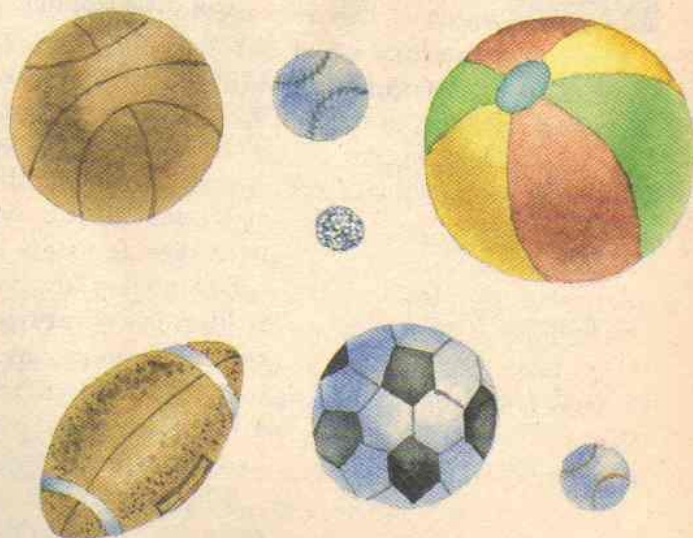
What might you hear? Smell?
How might the air feel?



Where might you see these birds?



- What game is played with each?
- What other equipment is needed?



- Which games have a set number of players when played officially?
- How many people are needed to have fun?



WILDERNESS BOB

**From Alaska to the Adirondacks,
Bob Marshall worked to protect nature.**

By Janelle Gray

At 3:30 one morning in July 1932 a man named Bob Marshall set out to climb as many peaks in the Adirondack Mountains as he could in one day. Around lunchtime, he rested. Then he ran downhill. He always did this because it saved time. And it was a lot of fun!

Bob was still hiking when the sun set. He just took out a flashlight and scaled the last summit. At 10:30 P.M. he quit. He had climbed fourteen peaks. Later he wrote that he'd had "a glorious time out of the entire day."

And little wonder. For Bob Marshall loved to hike, and he loved to write about it afterwards. He loved facts, too. He knew that he'd climbed 13,600 feet that day. He kept statistics on everything, from the table manners of loggers to the average number of pancakes foresters ate.

But most of all, Bob Marshall loved wilderness—natural lands with no roads, houses, or other signs of humans. He often hiked thirty to forty miles a day, most of the time toting a heavy pack of wicker or canvas.

When he wasn't walking in wilderness, he was working to save it. By the time he died, at the age of thirty-eight, he had written important books and articles on conservation, he'd managed timberlands as director of forestry for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he'd headed the U.S. Forest

Service's Division of Recreation and Lands, and he'd helped form the Wilderness Society, a group that still works to protect wild lands.

Today, a million-acre expanse of wilderness set aside in Montana, where he often hiked, is called the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area. "Gosh, isn't it swell!" Bob would probably say if he knew. (That was his favorite expression.) But he'd keep right on working, too.

Robert "Bob" Marshall was born January 2, 1901. When Bob was fifteen years old, he climbed his first mountain—and got hooked. Every summer after that, he and his brother explored the Adirondack forests.

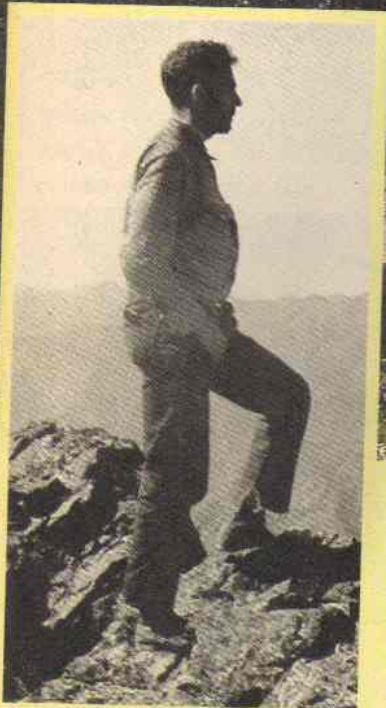
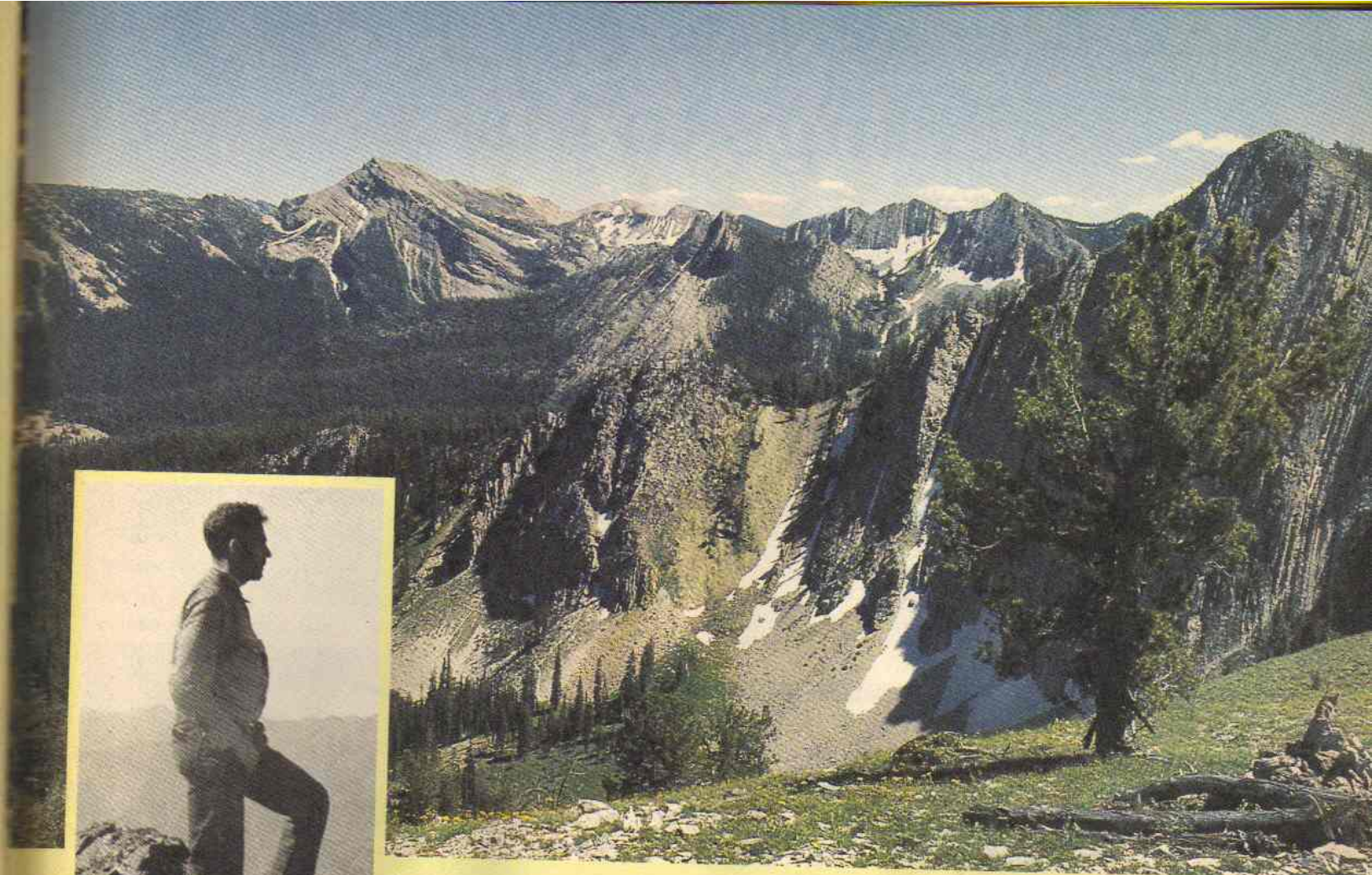
Bob always wanted to be a forester. When he was seventeen, he wrote in a school paper:

"I love the woods and solitude. . . . If I can combine my greatest pleasure with a useful work, then surely I will have great advantage over most . . . professional men."

He admitted later that he really didn't know then what forestry was, but had "vague notions of thrilling adventures . . . of lassoing infuriated grizzlies, and of riding down unknown canyons in Alaska."

His notions were almost right. One day, while working on the border of Montana and Idaho, Bob spotted a

For Bob, the happiest day was a day spent in the woods. Someone once asked him how much wilderness we need. He answered, "How many Brahms symphonies do we need?" To Bob Marshall, no amount of wilderness was too much.



The Bob Marshall Wilderness Area was created almost 50 years ago in Montana. Hikers call it "the Bob."

Sometimes after dinner and a full day of tramping in the woods, Bob would hike three or four more miles, just to round off his total mileage for the day.

pair of grizzly cubs. Suddenly, he saw a mother bear headed straight toward him. Bob scrambled up a tree. He was safe, until the branch broke! Bob fell to the ground. He remembered someone's advice to play dead. "I landed and lay," he said later. "It seemed as if I reposed for eons." Bob looked up in time to see the bears disappearing over a ridge.

Bob also had his Alaskan adventures. After he got a doctoral degree in plant physiology in 1930, he lived in Wiseman, Alaska, for over a year. There, he explored on foot and by boat; he mushed dogs; he went to all-night dances with the Eskimos and gold prospectors. Then he wrote a book called *Arctic Village*. He shared the money he made with the villagers (each person got \$18). Eventually, he mapped twelve thousand square miles of uncharted Alaskan territory, much of which he had hiked through.

In the 1930s roads were being built across wild lands. Forests were being cut down. Bob knew that forests held needed resources, but he believed forests were also to enjoy. In a magazine article he explained why some lands should be kept wild. Life without a wilderness experience, he wrote, would be "a dreary game."

During the seven years Bob worked for the government, he helped add more than five million acres to wilderness set aside as primitive areas. While writing the regulations that banned logging and road building on many wild lands, he worked to establish picnic grounds and ski areas to bring people from cities to the beauties of the outdoors.

Although Bob seemed healthy—hiking, hiking, always hiking—he had a weak heart. He died in his sleep on November 10, 1939, on a train bound for New York. Today, his spirit lives on, in the wild lands he knew so well and worked so hard to protect.

Things to Make



Independence Wreath

By Helen Jeffries

Cut out the center of a 9-inch paper plate, leaving a 2-inch rim. From red, white, and blue paper, cut several star shapes. Glue the stars around the rim of the paper plate, overlapping slightly.

On white paper, draw some national symbols such as a bald eagle, the Liberty Bell, Uncle Sam, the Statue of Liberty, and the flag. Cut out the symbols, and glue them onto the stars.

Tape or glue a piece of yarn to the back of the wreath to hang it on your door or wall for Independence Day.

The Look-around Clown

By Edna Harrington

Use a plastic cup for the clown's body. To make the head fit on the cup, rub one side of a plastic-foam ball on a piece of sandpaper until it has a flat surface.

Cover one end of an ice-cream stick with glue. Push the stick into the center of the flat area of the ball, and let it dry.

Turn the cup upside down. Poke a hole in the center of the bottom of the cup, large enough so the ice-cream stick can turn around.

Decorate the head and body with pieces of felt, rickrack, and pipe cleaner.

Place the head on the body by putting the stick into the cup. By holding the ice-cream stick with your hand inside the cup, you can move the clown's head up, down, and around.



Seed Pictures

By Anne Schraff

Wash and dry seeds and pits from peaches, oranges, apples, plums, or grapefruit.

Use stiff colored poster board, or glue colored paper onto a stiff piece of cardboard. Add a paper border of another color.



Draw flower stems with glue, and place pieces of yarn on the glue. Paint the seeds and pits to make colorful flowers. When the paint has dried, glue them to the stems.

Glue a piece of yarn to the back of the picture as a hanger.

Jack and the Beanstalk

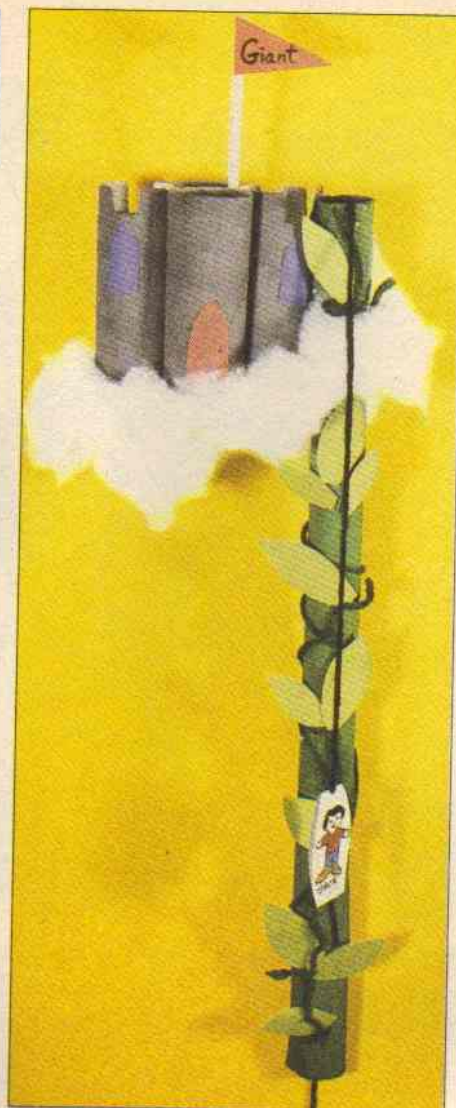
By Kathy Ross

Paint a long cardboard tube green, and let it dry. Cut leaf shapes from construction paper, and glue them to the tube. For the stem of the beanstalk, wrap a long piece of green yarn around the leaves on the tube and glue it in place.

Glue four small cardboard tubes together to make a castle. Hold the tubes together with paper clips until the glue dries.

Cut small sections from the tubes for the castle top as shown. Paint the castle with tempera, and let it dry. Cut and glue colored pieces of construction paper for the door and windows.

Print "Giant" on a pennant

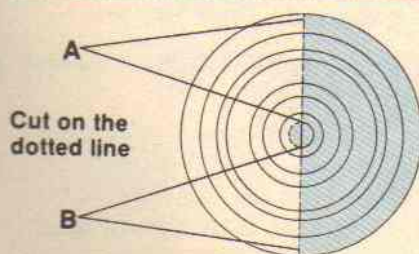


made out of construction paper. Glue the pennant to a straw, and attach it to the top of the castle.

Then glue the castle and the beanstalk together. Again, clip them together with paper clips until the glue dries.

Dot small amounts of glue around the bottom of the castle and the beanstalk. Spread cotton into the glue to make a cloud.

To make Jack, draw a little boy and staple him to a long piece of yarn about double the length of the beanstalk. Tie the other end of the yarn to an ice-cream stick. Drop the stick down the beanstalk. When the stick comes out at the bottom of the beanstalk, pull on the yarn and see Jack go up the beanstalk.



Holiday Centerpiece

By Steven J. Sweeney

On a large sheet of heavy white paper, draw a circle about 5 inches in diameter. Draw several smaller circles within the large circle. The smallest circle should be approximately 1 inch in diameter. Draw a line through the center of all the circles. Cut through the line and around one

half of the center circle as shown. Discard the remaining half.

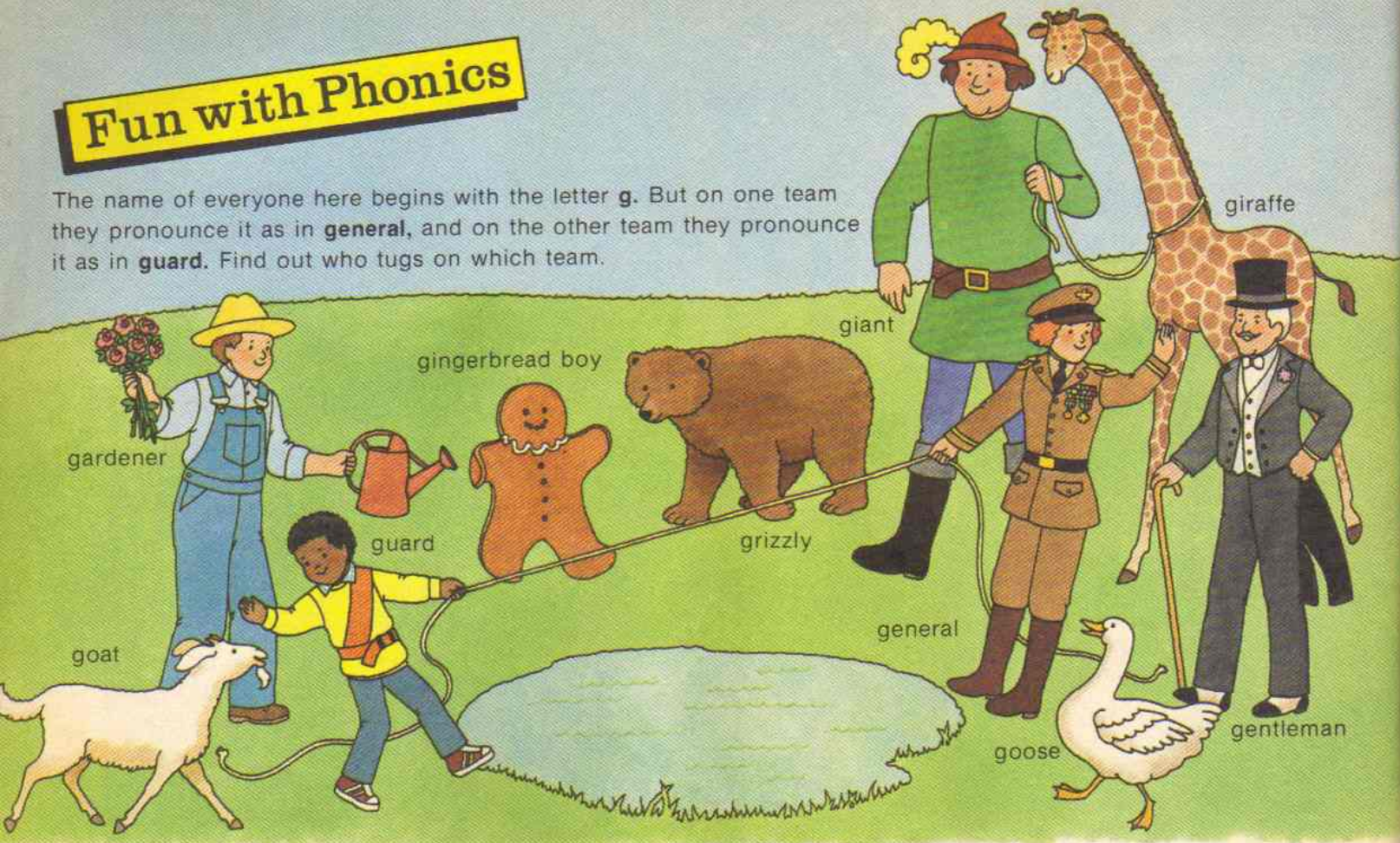
Color some of the circles red and blue with markers, and add stars.

Pull together the two straight edges at A and B. Overlap the edges to form a cone shape, leaving a hole in the center, and tape the edges together.

Squeeze a small amount of glue on a paper towel. Dip the ends of six or seven pipe cleaners into the glue and then into the glitter. Place the pipe cleaners in the center of the cone shape, and let them dry. Tape the pipe cleaners to the underside of the cone to keep them in place.

Fun with Phonics

The name of everyone here begins with the letter **g**. But on one team they pronounce it as in **general**, and on the other team they pronounce it as in **guard**. Find out who tugs on which team.



You can't tell who will be on each team by the first letter in their names. They all begin the same, with **g**. But what do you notice about their second letters? Who else might you bring to help each team?

Riddles

Selected by Our Readers

1. What does a parrot say on the Fourth of July?

Stephen Price—Oregon

2. What is a history of a car called?

Jennifer Norris—California

3. Who is the toughest pickle in Dodge City?

Paul Kobos—New York

4. How does a musician brush his teeth?

Becky Sorensen—Wisconsin

5. What do you call a whale that talks too much?

Gregory Haynes—Georgia

6. What is the easiest house to pick up?

Kate Wallace—South Carolina

7. What did the big firecracker say to the little firecracker?

Anthony Sole—Pennsylvania

8. What has a neck and a body but no arms or legs?

Chelsey Burglin—Alaska

9. Why did the raisin ask the grape out?

Brian Johnson—Michigan

10. How do you get down off a horse?

Monika Bhow—Oklahoma

11. What can you hold but never touch?

Carlos Robinson—Alabama

12. What do you do when a baby astronaut cries?

Carmine de Benedetto—Ontario

13. What kind of flower is electric?

Andrew Block—Illinois


Answers:


1. "Polly wants a firecracker!" 2. An auto-biography. 3. Marshal Dill. 4. With a tuba toothpaste. 5. A blubber mouth. 6. A light-house. 7. "My pop is bigger than your pop." 8. A violin. 9. Because he couldn't get a date. 10. You can't. Down comes off a goose! 11. Your breath. 12. You rocket. 13. A flower that has a bulb.



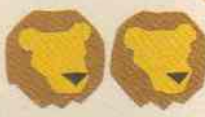





Circus Jobs!



By Marilyn Kratz





"What would you be if you joined the  circus?"


 Mrs. Archer asked her class one day.




"I would be a  lion tamer," said  Joshua. "I would teach the  lions to jump and roar."

"I would be a  clown," said  Rachel. "I would make the  children laugh."

"I would be an  acrobat," said  Philip. "I would swing high over the crowd."

"It would be fun to be a  lion tamer or a  clown or an  acrobat," said  Dustin. "But I would not be any of those. I know another important job."

"What job would you like to have?" asked  Mrs. Archer.

"I would drive the  truck that brings the  circus to our town," said  Dustin.



1800 and Froze to Death

By Lois Fuller Lewis

**Mittens in June?
Ice-covered crops in July?
Snow squalls in August?
How could it happen?**

In the New England states in the summer of 1816, the weather played tricks on the farmers. Every time they planted their summer crops, unseasonable cold spells froze them out.

The first surprise came in June. A wintry-type storm blew across Lake Champlain, dumping snow on lands that had been planted with summer vegetables and Indian corn. Farmers had to hurry about to plant their fields again.

July came, and with it another surprise. New Englanders shivered under a cold-air mass, and for the second time that summer, they dug out their mittens and coats, lit their stoves and fireplaces, and puzzled over their frosted fields.

When an August cold snap ruined their crops for the third time, New England farmers began calling the odd happening "1800 and froze to death." The expression, meaning the summer of 1816, lived on.

While folks in New England pondered over what was happening there, a mile-long iceberg was reported south of Newfoundland's Grand Banks. In Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Ireland, and parts of Canada, cold weather and crop failures were common complaints.

What in the world was happening? There was a lot of guessing. Some people thought that the weather problems were caused by the sunspots that were visible to the naked eye that year. A few

people even blamed Benjamin Franklin's lightning rods, which some farmers had attached to their buildings. Franklin had died in 1790, but he had noticed the same kind of strange weather in 1784. He wrote in his journal then of the possible connection between dust high up in the air and cooler weather.

And dust *was* in the air in 1816, volcanic dust that still circled the globe following the violent explosion the year before of Mount Tambora. Mount Tambora was in Indonesia, half a world away from New England. Tambora's was a great eruption, believed to be the largest volcanic blast in the past ten thousand years. It blew the top off a very big mountain and sent most of it as a dust cloud

way up into the stratosphere.

But in 1816 no one was guessing that the strange weather in New England and Europe might be linked to the volcano's dust. It was not until years later that scientists began to learn about the far-reaching effects of major volcanic eruptions.

Even a small eruption like that of Mount Saint Helens in 1980 made a dust cloud that darkened the skies for miles around. For a much bigger eruption like Tambora's the dust cloud might be a hundred times bigger and be forced up higher. Then it could be carried around the world in the special pattern of the high-up

The Volcano That Stole Summer?



Half a world away from New England, Mount Tambora blew its top. Is that what caused the cold spells?

winds. Enough dust up there would reduce the sunlight that warms our earth and would make our weather colder.

Even now, scientists are cautious about saying that Mount Tambora's dust caused the 1816 "year without a summer" in New England and other parts of the world. There were not enough records then to be sure about what really happened. The theory will be tested over and over again as new volcanic eruptions occur and weather patterns are studied.

Volcanic action still continues in many parts of the world, and scientists are watching to see if weather patterns change as dust from volcanoes circles the earth. Maybe we should keep our mittens handy—just in case.

Why do we cut paper with this



and not this?



Why is the eraser on the end of a pencil like this



and not in the middle like this?



Why is the spout of a coffee pot like this



and not like this?

Why is a baseball bat made like this



and not like this?



Why do we cut a pie like this



and not like this?



Jokes

Selected by Our Readers

Norman: "This suitcase is made of cowhide."

Jill: "It's made of what?"

Norman: "Cowhide."

Jill: "Cow what?"

Norman: "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside!"

Jill: "Why? I'm not afraid of cows."

Susan Kim—California

Mother: "Jane, what was that loud noise?"

Jane: "Mom, remember that \$400 vase that you always worried about because you thought I would break it?"

Mother: "Yes. What about it?"

Jane: "Well, your worries are over."

Matthew Barnett—Illinois

Customer: "I'm in a hurry. Will the pancakes be long?"

Waiter: "No, the chef makes them round."

Cindy Cormier—New Brunswick

Gail: "Why are you going to bed with your glasses on?"

Marci: "So I can see my dreams."

Kelley Parks—Florida

Tracy: "Sometimes I don't think you listen to a word I say."

Matthew: "What?"

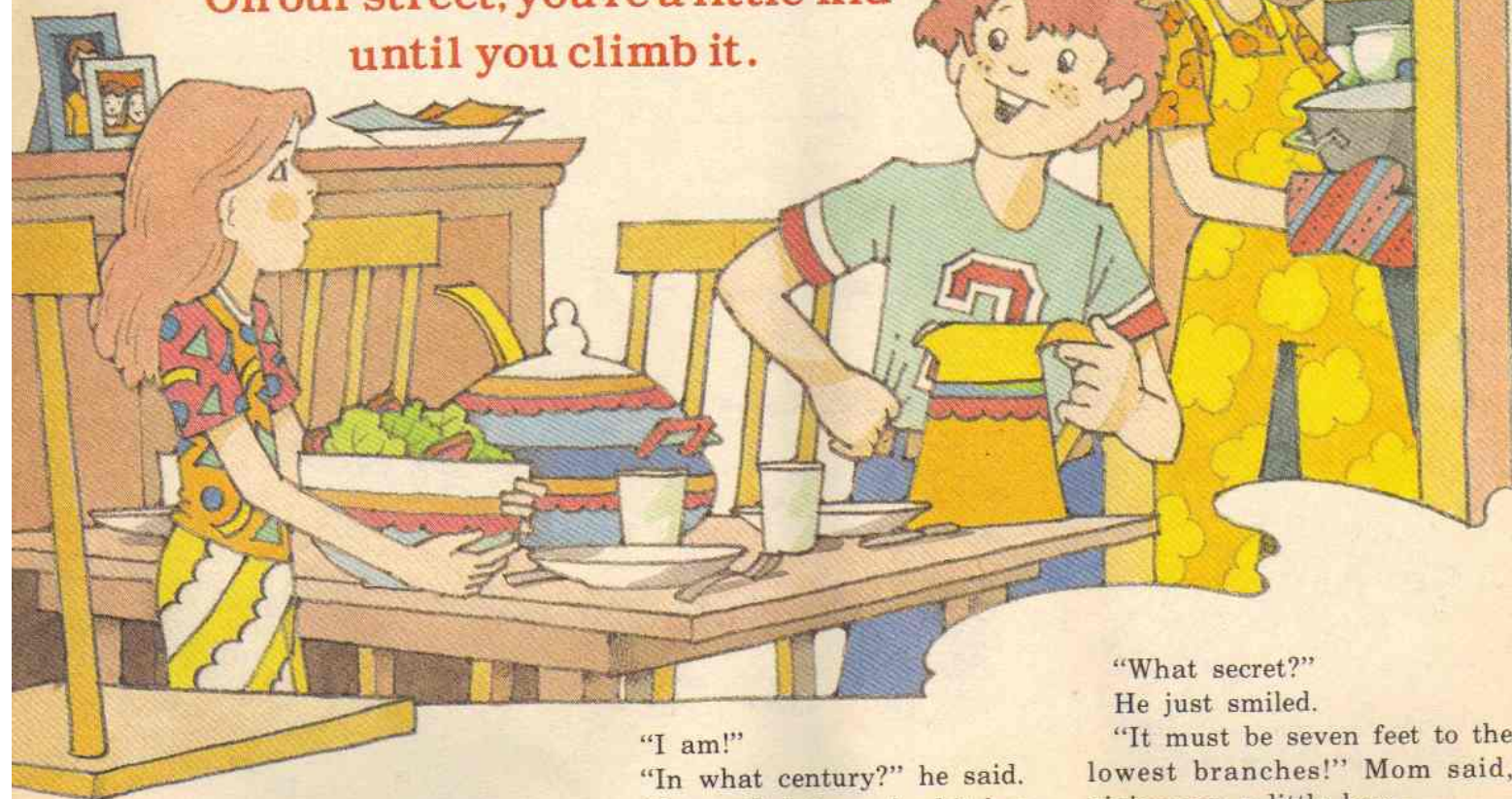
Laura Seth—New York

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Wendy's Tree

On our street, you're a little kid
until you climb it.



By Karen Cummins Pida

There's a set of rules on my street that all the kids follow. Age matters, size matters, and climbing up Wendy's tree matters most.

I'm almost eight, and I'm small for my age, so I get treated like a little kid. They say, "You're too small," and "You haven't even climbed up the Tree yet." I know things will change once I climb that tree. They'll listen to me. I'll get to make some of the rules.

"I'm going to climb the Tree," I bragged to my big brother one night while we were setting the table for dinner.

"Right," Larry said with a snicker. "Sure you are."

"I am!"

"In what century?" he said.

Mom called from the kitchen, "All right, you two. What's going on?"

"She thinks she's going to climb Wendy's tree," answered Larry.

"That big old maple with the rickety tree fort, Jessica?" she asked as she came into the dining room. Mom had the look on her face that she gets when she's worried.

"You have to swing, too, you know," Larry said. "No fair using a ladder, either."

I glared at him. "I *know* the rules. I won't go up to the tree fort part, Mom, just to the swing part."

"You don't know the secret of how to climb it," Larry said mysteriously.

"What secret?"

He just smiled.

"It must be seven feet to the lowest branches!" Mom said, giving me a little hug.

"It's not dangerous, Mom," I said.

"You might have to wait until you're older, Jessie."

"Yeah," Larry said. "Like until you're fourteen."

I looked away.

Maybe Mom was right. I was scared . . . a little. What if I only made it partway up, or fell? What if everybody laughed?

If I could just practice when no one could see me, I thought. I remembered my first few piano lessons. I wasn't very good. But after I practiced, my first recital went perfectly, without a mistake. It's too bad you can't practice climbing a tree.

Well, why couldn't I? I could get up real early and try.

The next morning, I saw the Tree from my yard. I ran to Wendy's house like an Olympic athlete training to win a gold medal in tree-climbing.

When I got there, the Tree suddenly seemed taller and much too wide for a kid my size. I had never been so close to it before. Usually, I watched from across the street.

I looked for the best side to try. Walking around and around the old tree, I chose the side with thick roots covered in ivy.

My cheeks were hot. My skin prickled. The only sounds were my breathing and the squeaking of my wet sneakers. Even the birds were asleep.

I hugged the cold, hard trunk, wishing giant arms would magically lift me into the branches. The Tree felt strong, old, and scratchy, like the scales of a dragon.

I slipped on the damp roots. I scratched my arm on the pieces of bark. I couldn't even stay on the dumb roots. Stupid tree!

Tears came, and everything was blurry. I don't care about making rules anyway, I thought. I should just leave. No one knows that I came here. But I wanted to get up that tree.

I wiped my eyes and took a deep breath. I had to try again. I pulled at the peeling bark.

That's when I saw a little black ant. All alone, it scaled the trunk like a tiny mountain climber. It kept disappearing into the Tree, into caves of bark. Then I could see it again, higher, up on the trunk.

"If that ant can climb this big tree, then I can, too!" I said, right out loud. The ant kept climbing.



I slipped on the roots. I scratched my arm. Stupid tree!

I stared at the trunk. The bark wasn't really peeling. It hadn't come off when I pulled. Pieces of bark stuck out from the trunk. *Hundreds* of them. They made hand and foot holds up the tree, like a giant staircase. Giant for an ant, maybe, but just the right size for me!

What a great secret! In just a minute or two, I scrambled right up that tree.

I stood on the natural platform where the trunk split. I felt good—

like I had won that gold medal. I could have stayed up there forever, or climbed even higher. Then I saw the rope swing waiting. The next step, right?

I wished all the kids were there to see me. But it didn't really matter. I had climbed the Tree. I knew the secret. That was enough for me.

I grabbed the rough rope, and with a wild Tarzan yell, I swung down and out, over the grass and into the sky.

Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.



Which do you have more of, feet or toes?

Why do people usually wear less in summer than in winter?

How might you know something is burning even if you are in another room?



Why can't chickens fly very far?

What time of year do people often choose for their longest vacation? Why?

What would a drop of seawater taste like?

"If you're going out in the hot sun," Marianna said to her little brother, "put your hat on." Why should he?



What main courses and desserts don't need cooking?

How would our lives be different if there were no birds?

"You'll be much safer if you fasten it," Raul's father told him. "Besides, in this state it's the law." What was he talking about?

Why shouldn't you rub your eye if you have something in it?

How can you tell if your hand is wet when you can't see it?

If you have neighbors who can't walk easily, how might you help?

What can you learn better with your eyes than with your ears? Better with your ears than with your eyes?

When James gave his grandmother the poem he'd written for her, she didn't say a word. But he knew just how she felt. How did he know?



How might a dream tell you something about yourself?

ANSWERS:

"Arithmetwists" (page 8)

Sabrina got on base four times. It took Mari twenty-five weeks to save nine dollars. Four of Pele's darts got 17 points each, and the other two darts got 16 points each.

"Abracadabra" (page 23)

Here are some answers we came up with. Can you think of any others?

1. bull
2. mule
3. cat
4. moose
5. toad
6. fox

"Safety Tips" (page 23)

Matches are not safe for children to use. Sticks and stones can harm eyes.

"A Tricky Teaser" (page 38)

Mrs. Painter can't be the gardener because the gardener replied to Mrs. Painter's question. And she can't be the painter because her job doesn't match her name. So Mrs. Painter must be the carpenter. Mr. Gardener, therefore, can't be the carpenter, nor the gardener since his name is Gardener, so he must be the painter. This means the gardener has to be Mr. Carpenter.

Front Cover and What's Wrong? by Len Ebert

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BOREDOM BUSTERS!

49 WAYS YOUR GANG CAN
BEAT THE SUMMER
BLAHS!

1. Visit a friend.
2. Draw.
3. Make a robot.
4. Dance.
5. Put together a jigsaw puzzle.
6. Make a kite.
7. Roll down a hill.
8. Tell spooky stories.
9. Make a castle from boxes.
10. Go fishing.
11. Bake cookies.
12. Read a book.
13. Play with a pet.
14. Do cartwheels.
15. Help Mom and Dad.
16. Play with clay.
17. Go to the playground.
18. Write a story or poem.
19. Make up songs.
20. Try to break a world record.
21. Make a paper chain.
22. Take a walk.
23. Write a letter.
24. Dress up like other people, animals, and things.
25. Help make dinner or lunch.
26. Go swimming.
27. Look at photo albums.
28. Count backward from 100.
29. Watch ants.

NOTHING TO DO?



*OUR READERS HAVE
SOME **FUN** IDEAS!*

HOORAY!

PLENTY TO DO!



30. Walk your dog.
31. Plan a party.
32. Trade baseball cards.
33. Go to the library.
34. Make a treehouse.
35. Ride your bike.
36. Sing every song you know.
37. Jump rope.
38. Make fruit cubes.
39. Play Cat's Cradle.
40. Listen to music.
41. Make a cake for a neighbor.
42. Write a poem.
43. Make a camp.
44. Plant flowers.
45. Play Follow the Leader.
46. Call up a friend.
47. Put on a play.
48. Study the world.
49. Make a list of things to do when there's nothing to do!